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The Witchery of Sleep

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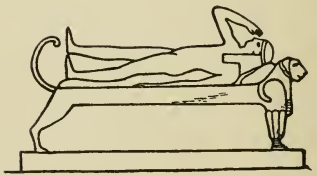
"We sleep to wake,
Yet wake to sleep again."



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"SLEEP," BY GABRIEL MAX

The Witchery of Sleep

"Fair thoughts be your fair pillow"

—SHAKESPEARE

COMPILED BY

WILLARD MOYER

NEW YORK
OSTERMOOR & COMPANY
1903

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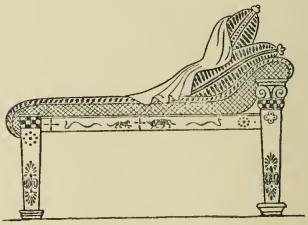
NEW YORK

Come, Sleep!
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber, deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.

—*Sir Philip Sidney*

" Come, Sleep, and kiss my eyelids down;
In thy twinklings of oblivion,
Let me forget."



INTRODUCTION

In putting forth this book I have tried to cover in logical continuity, a number of important features which have seemed to me heretofore neglected, or in any case merely touched upon fugitively by others.

The theme of Sleep is an exhaustive one. It has so many aspects, so many faces and forms, that to take it all in one must needs be endowed with the qualities which go to make the poet and philosopher, linked with the knowledge and experience of the specialist in science and physics, as well as the historian of evolution and the student of the occult.

Although disclaiming registration in any of the above departments, a keen interest in the subject, combined with considerable personal study and investigation along the above mentioned channels, have been the motives which impelled my work.

I have only taken those which have long been recognized as the best thoughts, and what I feel positive are the surest facts, concerning sleep, no matter how

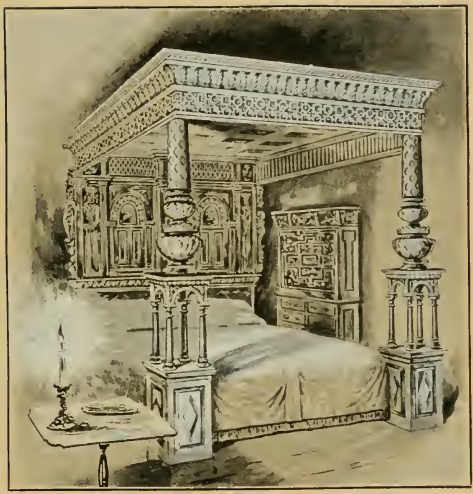
obscure, and brought them together my own way, in an endeavor to form a sequence of interest.

As much of the material I have assembled has never before appeared in book form, and still more has not heretofore been given—in the "art preservative"—its best apparel, I sincerely trust, that notwithstanding what I may have left undone, my readers, appreciating the witchery of sleep, its poetical, refining beauty and its marvelous import to human life, will feel that I have given it the full dignity to which so vital and important a theme is entitled.

The unique illustrations of "Sleeping Places," gathered from various sources, are most interesting examples of sleep—in many countries, by many people, through many epochs, extending over a period covering many centuries.

It is indeed curious to find there is not a more marked difference between them, notwithstanding the extreme dissimilarity in design, treatment and decoration; with the possible exception of the early Egyptian and ancient Chinese.

WILLARD MOYER.



SHAKESPEARE'S "GREAT BED OF WARE," FORMERLY OF RYE HOUSE BUT NOW AT SARACEN'S HEAD, ROXBURY, ENGLAND

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The Witchery of Sleep

WHENCE COMETH—HOW GOETH?

SLEEP is an enchanting subject, its phenomena most baffling. Stealing as subtly o'er us as night o'er the day, obscure, and as little understood as the tides—there is nowhere where it is not. Coming whence—going whither? It is formless, permeating, evanescent, and of an indescribable witchery.

Witching mystery

Sleep, next to love, has seemed to fascinate and inspire the poets by its delicate substance and mysterious shadow. And yet who can adequately expound the nature of sleep, that priceless gift of God to man.

It has been the theme of the world's greatest writers, from Pliny, Lucretius, Dante, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, and Shakespeare, down to our own days and nights and dreams.

Alpha and Omega

Philosophers and others who have felt and expressed themselves deeply and clearly along certain lines of nature and human nature, have not as yet, strange to say, opened up that unknown vista where the avenues of sleep begin and end. They have ceased to explore beyond the myriad by-paths.

Love, the highest of all the spiritual emotions, has been led out into the clearing and exposed in the lime-light to all of us. Poetry and religion have both told us of its meaning and essence; but, apart from these forces, who is there among us that does not feel that he himself has been to school to this divine teacher, and that his lesson has been well learned?

Problems

But the whys and wherefores of sleep are mysterious problems, which have never yet been solved, and doubtless never will. Scientists to the contrary notwithstanding, there are certain psychological elements of our existence, which

serve a higher purpose than man can fathom and were never intended for the ken of mortals.

There is no illusion or inspiration behind the scenes. If all the attributes of sleep were laid open and bare, some of its features which have been glorified for us—which we ourselves have conjured into pleasing forms—would lose their beauty of perspective and proportion. These, however, are but the ways of near-by views; which always rob us of the fine imagination and pretty sentiment that glosses over prosaic things.

"The day-time of the Soul"

Probably Iamblichus, the Neoplatonist mystic philosopher, who lived in Cœle-Syria seventeen centuries ago, has most beautifully expressed the meaning of sleep as, "The night-time of the Body—and the day-time of the Soul."

Mythology, which has given form, character and history to all its deities, has enrolled Sleep as the greatest of all the gods.

In ancient Latin mythology—Somnus, son of Night (Hypnos in Greek), the God of Sleep, tranquilizer of mortal minds, soother of careworn mortal hearts, and giver of temporary oblivion, was most beloved.

Dreams

Morpheus, son of Somnus, the God of Dreams, was prime favorite of the Muses, as distiller of mortal's dreams of things mortal; as were Phoebactor, who presided over dreams of animals, and Photaessae over inanimate dreams.

Ovid and Statius describe minutely and most charmingly the palace of the King of Sleep, where dwelt also his mother, Night, goddess of that soft and murmuring darkness, which lulls to sleep.

Virgil
Ovid
Statius

According to Virgil, the Palace of Sleep was found near the entrance to Hades, by the river Lethe. Ovid places it in our own world, in Italy, near the Lake Avernus; while Statius most clearly points to a remote situation in unknown parts of Ethiopia.

All image the place—most singularly alike—and with a wealth of detail, as walled in, with five gates, named Rest, Ease, Silence, Indolence, and Oblivion, each gate at all times surrounded by various attendants. Inside the grounds are found a multitude of Dreams,—inspirers of various kinds and forms,—all subject to Morpheus, or his two lesser satellites, Phoebactor and Photaessae.

Immediately before the exquisitely fashioned

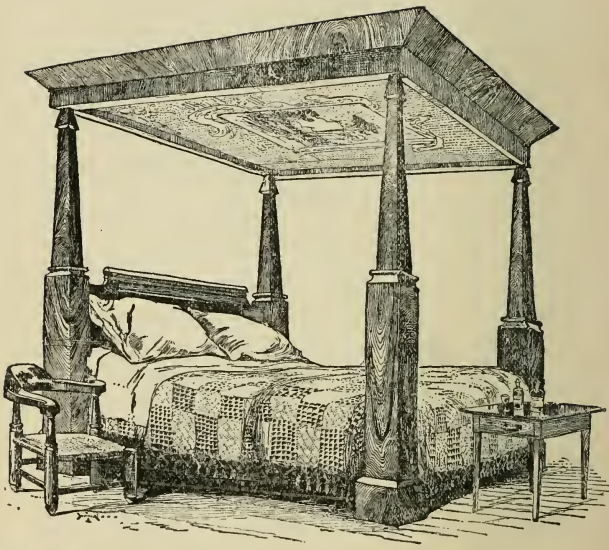
palace, built of bronze, ebony, basalt, and various dark colored inlaid marbles of enormous size, softly murmuring fountains are ever flowing, encircled by quantities of brilliant, perennially blooming poppies, mandragora, and various somniferous herbs of many kinds.

A picture of "Sleep"

Entering the palace, gloaming silence reigns. There Somnus is found profoundly sleeping upon a couch strewn with poppies. By his side a lion crouches, one arm carelessly hanging over the lion's head, the other holding a horn of poppy juice that ever drips inducing slumber.

Drowsy vapors of heavily laden fragrance fill the air. The space is vast, peopled by many. Poppies are everywhere. Innumerable forms lie postured in all the abandonment of unconscious sleep. Arch upon arch rises one after the other. Ever the shadows are deepening, until impenetrable darkness ends the far perspective in the dim beyond.

"Darker and darker
The black shadows fall
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all."



THIS CELEBRATED COLONIAL FOUR-POST BED (NOTE THE CURIOUS OLD HAND MADE COUNTERPANE) IS THE ONE UPON WHICH HENRY CLAY SLEPT AND DIED.

THE PHENOMENA OF SLEEP.

HE cry for sleep is ever greater than the cry for bread. Existence depends on both; but we eat to sleep, while we sleep to live. Sleep is of far greater importance than food for the preservation of life.

The chiefest thing

Sleep is the chiefest thing in physic. It has neither substitute nor rival. Take away sleep, hope even is gone, nothing is left.

Sleep is the "off duty" time of consciousness; that period when nothing matters, when everything is immaterial, and mysterious nature is alone triumphant.

Many little sleeps

The onset of sleep is gradual, sleep general, being made up of many little sleeps, premonitory intimations that nature is preparing to take complete possession of our body. These little sleeps obscure each sense as well as the physical and muscular organs, slowly, separately, in regular order, one after another, until each becomes involved. Simultaneously the brain is in repose,

volition ceases, unconsciousness is complete, and our sleep is profound.

Every twenty-four hours we go to sleep and wake up, and thus every day we prove Nature's marvelous wisdom, even to the smallest details of the immutable laws ever guarding us.

Sentries

Our five senses act as our guardians, guides, protectors, and when we sleep the most vigilant and important of them is last to go off duty and first to come on duty again.

By considering these little things we become interested in the big things of the universe; we learn to take interest in ourselves—which is the beginning of philosophy; and we learn that reverence for divine wisdom, which is both the beginning and end of philosophy.

The body we inhabit is most marvelously constructed. The brain, undoubtedly the highest development of the body, a wonderfully complex machine, the seat of thought and will, is the controlling motor of the entire body.

Power

Our individuality, a wonderful, many-sided mystery, without form, matter or name, sits in the brain, guiding the body, like a grand central

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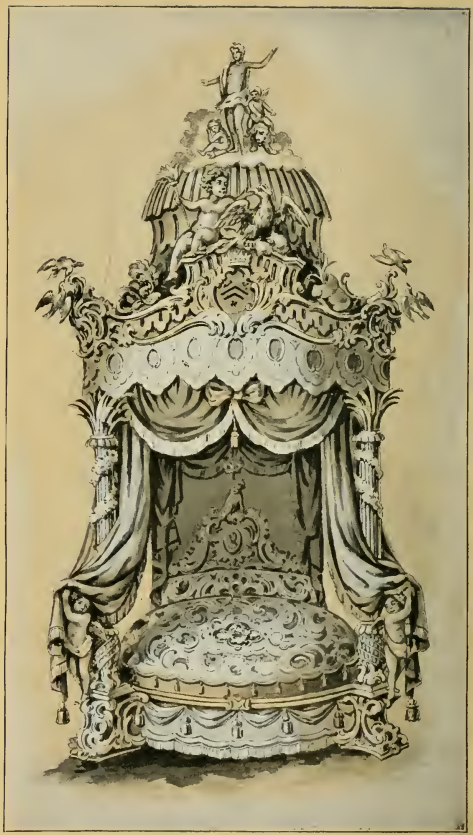


THE MAGNIFICENT STATE BED OF LOUIS XV., HANDSOMELY CARVED AND BURNISHED IN GOLD

operator with a million wires controlling an immense electrical system.

The heart, an engine, works on forever, pumping the blood that feeds the brain and makes possible its work. *Engine*

The eyes, danger signals, with the aid of the nerves, perceive light, and the ears, also danger signals, aided by the nerves that interpret sound waves, are the sentinels of nature, while the machinery is in operation.

During sleep only, this complex internal mechanism, through a multiplicity of sub centers, does that peculiar daily housekeeping on which our very existence depends. Does it, too, in a certain orderly co-operative way, curiously following a regular method of work both intricate and elaborate in repairing waste, actively forming new tissue, and giving just the proper amount of care and nourishment required to all parts, both mental and physical, in regular sequence. *Mechanism*

Sleep is a condition of recuperation, and a condition of danger. The forces of the body, that protect us and guide us through our waking hours, all suspend their activities, as each of our

vital centers stores up fresh energy for the work of the coming day.

In Nature's keeping

During sleep we are unprotected and at the mercy of enemies, but nature cautiously does what she can to protect us. Our guardian senses do not leave us all at once. Each in turn succumbs to sleep and gives up its watchfulness.

Of all things that protect us from danger when awake, our eyes are most important; but sleep normally comes with darkness, when sight is useless. Therefore, when we sleep the eyes close first of all, and the sense of seeing is at rest.

Next after sight, taste goes. As a man gets drowsy, the nerves of taste follow the optic nerves into oblivion.

Then the sense of smell goes to sleep. Smell is but a minor protector, and therefore among the first to depart.

Volition ceases

When a man is "half asleep" his sight is gone, his sense of taste and smell are gone. Next hearing succumbs, and, last of all, he loses the sense of touch.

The sense of touch, warning us of the closest possible approach of danger, is most important,

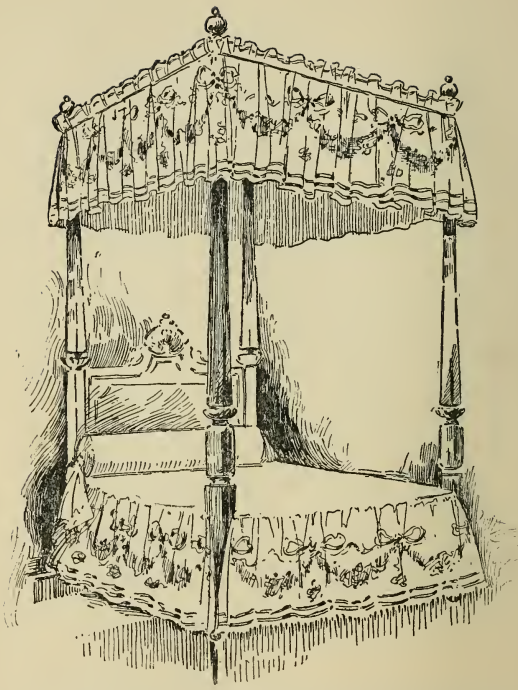
and stays awake and on guard to the very last; and in many people is so acute that it is never more than merely dormant, and due to its importance is the very first of our senses to wake up.

The same gradual loss of power is observed in the muscles and sinews. Slumber begins at the feet and slowly spreads up the limbs and trunk until it reaches the brain, when unconsciousness is complete, the body is at rest, and we are fast asleep. *Oblivion*

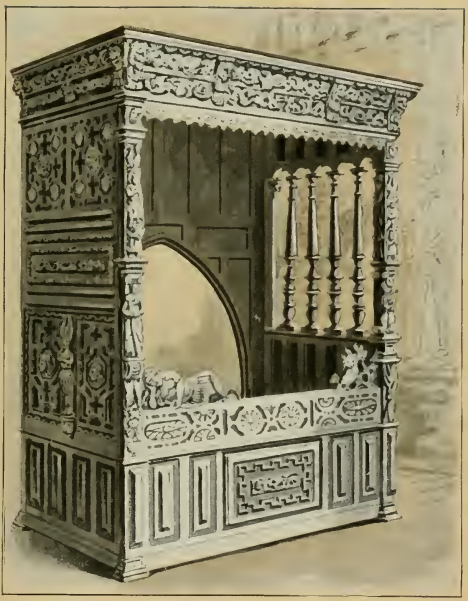
When we awake the same process occurs—but reversed.

The quickest way to awaken a man is to pinch him, for the sense of touch acts most quickly. The next quickest way is to shout at him. Then, but more slowly, he can be awakened by some strong odor.

Finally, last of all, the sense of taste comes back as an awakener. All these are normal endings of healthy, refreshing sleep.



MODERN REPRODUCTION OF AN OLD FASHIONED FOUR-POST BEDSTEAD WITH EMBROIDERED LINEN HANGINGS (FROM A NEWPORT "COTTAGE")



FRENCH RENAISSANCE CARVED OAK BED (15TH CENTURY)

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THE IMPORT OF SLEEP.

LEEP is the resting time of consciousness. During sleep, when the brain and the whole nervous system is "off duty," and in a quiescent, somnolent, unconscious state, recuperation really occurs.

Unconsciousness represents the best condition for recuperation, and what we understand as normal unconsciousness, is sleep.

Nature then is in absolute control of that wonderful mechanism which mysteriously results in ultimate nutrition; that is, the restoration of all the vital forces, by the conversion of the blood elements contained in food, and their perfect absorbtion into the various structures and blood cells of the body.

Ultimate nutrition

Recuperation comes from the upbuilding of the nerve centers and muscular structures, and a general reconstruction of the tissues, including the fluid of the body. The ultimate nutrition—that exchange between the tissues of the body, the

blood and excretory fluids, takes place during sleep, and only during sleep.

Early sleep

This occurs much more rapidly and thoroughly before midnight, because then there is a more thorough circulation of the blood, carrying the new material, and removing the waste.

There is also a greater consumption of oxygen before midnight than after, until the sleeper arises and stirs about next morning. Oxygen is the one thing needed in order that this ultimate nutrition, this interchange so vital to health, shall readily and healthfully take place.

The heart runs down in force after midnight until sunrise next morning. The pulse beats more slowly, and less strongly; the vital processes are slower; the circulation is more sluggish; and the blood and tissues contain more waste and poisonous material than earlier in the night. This is indicated by the fact that nightmare, dreams, convulsions, croup, attacks of illness, and even death, usually occur with more frequency after midnight than before.

Because

One often hears it said by people who like to sit up far into the night, and lie in bed late in the

morning, that the morning nap is particularly refreshing. This may seem so, but it is a fact that for purposes of best recuperation the old adage of "an hour before midnight is worth two after it," points unerringly to the better way physically. *Recuperation*

Another reason why early sleep is better than late, is because the muscles of the brain and other nerve centers rest more quickly and thoroughly before reaching the point of strain or exhaustion than they will after. Therefore, to prolong excitement, study or fatigue of any sort late into the night is to prejudice recuperation, and leads to ultimate ill health.

Remember, ultimate nutrition can take place but slowly, unless plenty of ogygen is consumed. As the consumption of oxygen is less in sleep than at other times, the greater is the necessity for plenty of fresh, pure air, in order that nature may have all the materials needed during her hours of recuperation. *Fuel*

The more active and energetic the waking life of the normal individual has been, the deeper will be his sleep. A man exhausted physically or

mentally recuperates those portions of his brain in which are located the centers presiding over the exhausted parts, during the sleeping period. In these exhausted nerve centers the unconsciousness is deeper than elsewhere, in order that the rest may be more complete.

Deep sleep

This is best appreciated when we observe the effect of sleep upon the brain of a person who has suffered intense grief. When such a person sleeps, grief is completely forgotten; no dream recalls the misfortune.

Even on awakening, it is a little time before the exact nature of the misfortune can be remembered. At first there is a vague, uneasy feeling of mental suffering, a sensation of sorrow, a dull realization of pain, but its exact nature is but slowly located, and then only is placed by a distinct mental effort.

The food which we eat is digested and transformed into new tissues, blood, nerve, muscle and brain, only while we are sleeping.

Transformation

The men who engage in the atrocious six-day "endurance" races eat enormously, absorbing in one day five times as much as the ordinary man

A POMPEIAN BED. REDRAWN FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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can possibly swallow; and yet the end of their task finds them extremely emaciated. Lack of sleep has made it impossible for them to transform the food into new tissue. Their vitality is gone, and they are subjects of physical exhaustion.

Preserving that "just balance"

The faster the pace, now becoming so alarmingly hurried in all lines that many good people are compelled to withdraw from the strenuous race, the greater the need for that recuperation which can only be secured through sleep.

To expend more nervous energy each day than can be evolved by food and sleep, is to become physically bankrupt in a short period; hence the absolute necessity of permitting nature to have her required time to restore the lost vitality which fully preserves that "just balance" called health.

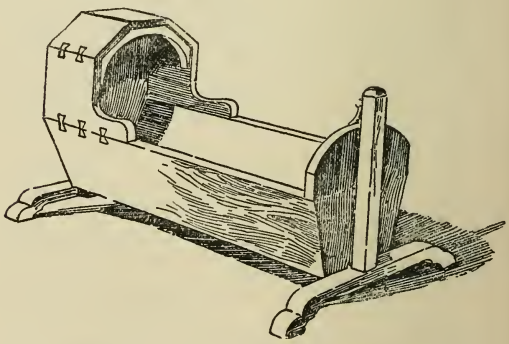
The loss of a single night's sleep shows its effects on the nervous system in the exhaustion, drowsiness, irritability, mental disturbance, and digestive derangements which ensue. The tone of the whole body is lowered to such a degree that it invariably requires more than one good night's sleep to restore one to one's accustomed

mental and physical state, justifying the old saying that "one good night's sleep requires another."

Its influence

In severe diseases, especially typhoid fever, lack of sleep endangers life by increasing the enfeeblement and exhaustion at a critical juncture, when a refreshing and quiet sleep would vastly increase and preserve the limited store of strength the patient possesses. In cases such as these sleep is an all powerful curative agent, sufficient of itself to determine recovery.

Sleep is a life giver as well as a life saver.



A HAND MADE FLEMISH CRADLE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

THE VALUE OF SLEEP.

IT is only the sleepless, the poets, and the medical journals who put the proper value upon sleep. Fortunately for the world, many millions of men never worry about going to sleep. All they seem to need is to find time; for even without a bed for sleep-seeking — sleep comes to them.

Sleep problems

But to many the sleep problem is as important and as terrifying as that other overwhelming query — "how to digest."

It is worth while to help solve these problems. For the most useful work that is done in this world is the work that uses up the nerves and fatigues the brain, causing sleeplessness, and the suffering that accompanies it.

Insomnia

The worn-out sufferer from insomnia, declaring himself ready to sacrifice his fortune for a few years of his alloted life time — Shakespeare, with his "sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," and the doctors, with their diatribes against the

sleep-destroying modern life, are the ones who truly appreciate sleep, not those who have the power of sinking calmly and promptly to rest.

Are we sleepless?

Unfortunately, modern conditions are rapidly putting all the world in the appreciative frame of mind of the sleepless. Nerve specialists say that there never before was a time when the people needed to sleep so uninterruptedly and so long, to repair the ravages of too tense and too noisy living as now; and there never was a time when they were so little able to sleep as they should, because of these very conditions which make abundant sleep necessary.

Sleep follows the diminution of blood in the cerebral vessels. The blood is squeezed out of the brain like water from a sponge, and it becomes in a measure bloodless. This bloodless condition is indispensable; without it sleep cannot be induced. Wakefulness means a full flow of blood through the brain. Whatever, then, tends to withdraw the blood from the brain tends to produce sleep.

Blood ebb and flow

In perfectly healthy persons, leading a perfectly normal life, this change is automatic. The

blood ebbs away from the brain because it is time the brain had a rest, and sleep slowly steals the senses. But there are not many perfectly healthy persons in these days, and the perfectly normal life is even rarer.

Mental activity

Mental activity requires just the opposite condition. Severe mental labor must be fed by means of an increased blood supply. We recognize this when we notice how red and congested becomes the face of any one who is making a mental exertion—a public speaker for example. All the blood vessels of the head are affected by this congestion. The mental energy exerted uses up force, which must be replaced at once. Nature, therefore, sends blood to these parts on a hurry call to re-supply the cells with vitality.

Anger dangerous

Anger and fits of passion use up more mental energy than physical labor, no matter how exhausting the work may be. Naturally irritable, nervous people are subject to insomnia. Repeated attacks of the brain congestion which accompany anger, weaken the walls of the blood vessels in the head, and cause a dangerous passive congestion which prevents natural sleep.

During mental exertion of any kind, the cerebral vessels become distended, owing to the increased volume of blood they contain, and they remain in this condition as long as the exertion is continued. If it be too intense, or if it be persevered in for too long a period, the vessels lose their contractibility, and remain in a permanently enlarged state. They are not able to contract, and wakefulness is the result; for when the blood vessels are unable to empty themselves, the power to sleep is gone. Just like the rubber bands we often use around big packages, and leave undisturbed for a long time, which we try to use again, only to find their elasticity gone.

Over exertion

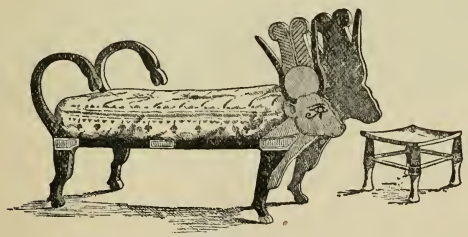
We often hear thoughtless people say, "work never kills." I doubt if physical labor ever does, nor healthy, well arranged work, however exhausting. But I cannot paint too strongly, the evils of badly balanced mental overwork, or the disastrous consequences of that unvarying, or excessive work, which gradually irritates the nervous system to the snapping point; when the occasional disturbed sleep becomes that of utter sleeplessness.

Irritation

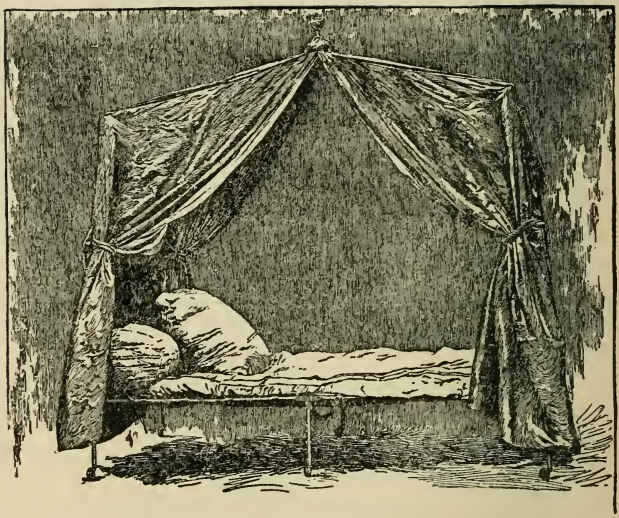
Sound nervous structures properly nourished, adequately rested, and rightly exercised, are fundamental desiderata for good sleep; on the other hand all circumstances interfering with the health, nutrition, repose, or the even placid working of the nervous textures, are decidedly detrimental to the function of sleep.

Interference

Sleep has both its normal and abnormal side. Numerous diseased conditions affect and disturb it. The cause of these effects is sleeplessness, or insomnia. This condition, of course, is only a symptom of some underlying cause which produces it, but it is usually a symptom much more serious in its consequences than the condition causing it.



EGYPTIAN COUCH-BEDSTEAD—CARVED WOOD, GILDED AND HIGHLY COLORED



THE "CAMP" OR "FIELD" BED USED BY THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY, A NOTED SLEEPER, OF WELL-BALANCED HEALTH

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A FRENCH GOTHIC BED OF THE 17TH CENTURY, STILL IN USE IN A CELEBRATED OLD FRENCH CHATEAU

THE HABIT OF SLEEP.

N these strenuous days of increasing mental excitement and waste of extreme physical energies, consequent upon the keen competition in the race for supremacy, many lives are simply thrown away; burnt out, by a reckless disregard of nature's immutable laws; the most vital of all being lack of sufficient sleep, and the consequent loss of health, and all that is "worth while."

As a race, we sleep far too little. An infant's life is nearly all sleep. Gradually, as the child grows older, the hours of sleep are shortened to half the day, or about twelve hours.

Youth, until the age of twenty is reached, requires fully ten hours' sleep.

Nature demands eight hours

Although nature demands less hours of sleep in summer than in winter, it has been proven that eight hours of sound sleep is sufficient for the average male adult in good health. By this is meant not simply eight hours in bed, but that

amount of solid, restful sleep, night after night.

Men really need to sleep fully eight hours, and men require less sleep than women.

Cheating nature

When this period is voluntarily limited, the animal part of the body secures all the benefit of rest, robbing the brain, the most important of all, of its strength and virility. Experience readily verifies this.

We begin life with a certain amount of vitality, a certain initial vital velocity, the capital which carries us through life and makes possible certain accomplishments.

Lost vitality

When we deprive ourselves of sleep, we squander this original capital, just as surely as the young spendthrift ruins himself financially when he throws away his money; just so surely do we bring upon ourselves irreparable loss through the squandering of our vitality by too little sleep.

Day after day, through thoughtless ambition, or with a foolish idea of self-control, many compel themselves to sleep too little, and so, recklessly injure there chances in life, ruin their self-poise, and are thus unable when opportunity arises to seize it with the vigor of a clear brain.

Every one who can sleep eight hours, or even longer, without waking, should do so. The younger the human being the more sleep he requires. Many a man past middle age rebukes his son because he lies lazily abed in the morning.

Age dozes Youth sleeps

This is a grave mistake, for as a matter of fact he should have longer hours of sleep, as youth makes a far greater demand on the repairs of sleep than age.

Age can doze, youth must sleep.

It is mainly the young who need the lecture on sleep, for the experience of years soon proves the folly of cheating nature by adding but a few hours of drowsy consciousness to the day.

Any man, or even woman, who has suffered from sleeplessness will personally confirm the statement that lack of sleep not only diminishes vitality more quickly than anything else, but decreases weight as well.

Woman requires more

Woman possesses more nervous excitability than man, and requires more sleep than man. Her pulse beats five times more per minute than his, yet women can bear the loss of sleep far better than men. The length of time they can

devote to night nursing in response to calls of affection or duty, has scarcely any limit.

Exceptions

Motherhood makes just such demands, and it would seem that nature aids the mother, enabling her to withstand the necessary strain.

Some physicians claim that the senses of hearing and touch are never entirely dormant in a mother with a babe. Women at these times—for a limited period—recuperate on a smaller percentage of sleep than usual, but the strain if long continued, soon tells.

Lack of sufficient sleep may not at first affect us physically, unless it occurs frequently. We may be able to walk and run, and all our physical functions may be in good working order, after an occasional insufficiency of sleep.

Affects the brain

The brain, however, feels it at once, and does not work clearly; it is dull and inert. Thought is an effort; and if we continue to compel ourselves to shortage of sleep, brain fag, and a highly nervous condition soon results.

Although the other parts of our body may have clearly enjoyed the benefit of sleep, even but of a few hours, as the physical makes the first

THE STATE BED OF GEORGE IV., DESIGNED BY HEPPLEWAITE. CARVED MAHOGANY, BRASS INLAY AND APPLIED ORNAMENTS

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demands through nature — the brain has had no benefit whatever, no rest, no recuperation; and yet all our prosperity depends entirely on the quality of work that our brain performs.

Remember, when you hear any one brag foolishly about going without sleep, that:

A man can go forty days without solid food.

Sleep means life

He can live seven days or even longer, without food or water.

He can live but seven days without sleep.

The Chinese, ingenious in devising tortures, discovered no more tormenting, horrible death than killing their victims by deprivation of sleep.

No man can deprive himself of sleep, or sleep irregularly, without suffering permanently, or without greatly compromising his health and seriously diminishing his chances of success in this world.

Motherhood

Many a wealthy woman looks at the healthy child of the gardener, and wonders why her child is so different.

The reason is simple. The gardener's wife did not cheat her child by giving to balls and late hours of pleasure the time required to supply through sleep that vitality needed by her babies.

The woman who loses sleep will make a failure of her children.

The man who loses sleep will make a failure of his life, or at least diminish greatly his chances of success.

Success and happiness

Therefore Sleep—*Sleep*.—Get all the normal sleep you can. Sleep means health, and health means happiness.

Don't cheat your brains by too little sleep. Don't cheat your children's brains.

Persons exhausting more nervous and muscular force each day than their organic capacity can restore, either through unusual strain of emotion, intellect or muscle, require more sleep than eight hours to repair such ravages, and adjust the economy of wear and tear.

Many persons in good health, but of slow habit, cannot be at their best without nine, or even ten hours sleep at night, the normal eight hours of sleep being insufficient for recuperation, as their functions are but languidly profound.

Exceeding eight hours

Those living serene, placid, uneventful lives require less sleep than the average, but usually sleep longer, yet they tire more slowly, for their

lives are totally without the perpetual nervous strain of the active social or professional life.

Stories of endurance with less

It is a curious fact that some men of genius seem to have required a less number of hours for sleep than eight. We are told that Napoleon, Mirabeau, Goethe, and Humboldt, all slept for an average period of less than eight hours.

One of the characteristics of a very few of these great minds seems to have been an endurance that enabled them to perform a prodigious amount of mental labor without tiring. We learn, however, from those who surrounded them, that when they did sleep, oblivion was complete. Their recuperative powers seem to have been as remarkable as was their mental activity, but their hours of sleep were by no means regular, for they often far exceeded even half the day; and it is to be presumed they really averaged more than the normal eight hours, or suffered accordingly.

Napoleon an example

For instance: Napoleon, after the battle of Aspern, the first battle he lost, after seventeen consecutive actions, fell asleep, and slept for thirty-six hours. He was thought to be dying, his unconsciousness was so profound. The worry

of his defeat being so intense, and his mental vitality so exhausted, called for an unusual amount of recuperation, which nature, he being in normal health, thus supplied through sleep.

The bad effect

Most of the mischievous stories told about the ability of great men to do without sleep are untrue; and the foolish man who reads that Napoleon slept only three or four hours at night, and cuts down his own hours of sleep, might better open a vein and lose a quart of blood than lose the sleep which is life itself.

It is undoubtedly true that Napoleon, an inconceivably foolish, reckless man, in matters affecting his physical welfare, did deprive himself of sleep in his early years. But he paid for it dearly. In his last battles his power of resistance was so slight that he actually went to sleep during the fighting. Chronic drowsiness weakened his brain, weakened his force of character. The foundation of his downfall was laid in Russia, when lack of sleep, and unwise living generally, had taken away his mental elasticity, deprived him of all power to form and carry out resolutions, and resulted in his final ruin.

Means ruin

SLEEPLESSNESS.

LEEPLESSNESS is a condition of poverty, both mental and physical. As one suffers through an occasionally empty purse, so one suffers, both physically and mentally, through occasional lack of sleep. Utter destitution pecuniarily can far better be borne than the destitution of sleep.

Sleeplessness is not only the source of much misery and discomfort, but it entails upon the sufferer a grievous hardship, in that one has to fight the battle of life in a maimed condition.

Bankrupt nerves and strength

Deprived of the nightly restoration of potential energy, the brain grows weary, and one's whole mental and physical vigor becomes impaired. Persistence in striving to work under these circumstances only encroaches upon that fund of reserved force to such an extent as to lead eventually to total nervous and physical bankruptcy.

Our power to work is intimately related to our ability to sleep, and there is no more reliable indication of sound health than the capacity to sleep naturally.

There are various forms of occasional sleeplessness: the wakefulness attendant upon worry, excitement, grief, overwork, overeating, overstimulation, and all the other "overs." There is the sleeplessness that at first accompanies strange surroundings, and the sleeplessness that sometimes follows upon too familiar surroundings, when a slight change becomes neccessary. There is the sleeplessness due to noise, and, paradoxical as it may seem, there has been sleeplessness due to silence.

"Over" dangers

The chief danger with all forms of occasional sleeplessness is that they are likely to become chronic, and from having an occasional "bad night" one passes to that serious pathological state, where one is really a victim of insomnia —that dreadful, baffling, and almost incurable disease, which paves the way for melancholia and all sorts of mental derangements. It is therefore wise to begin the fight against sleeplessness or

Chronic

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NAPOLEONIC, OR FIRST EMPIRE BED. A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF THE PERIOD, NOW TO BE FOUND IN ENGLAND

broken slumbers as soon as these begin; not waiting for them to become actual maladies.

In ordinary cases of insomnia, the ability to sleep is so weakened that the sufferer is awakened by the slightest noise. Slumber is so light that the least impression received from without disturbs it. Recuperation is interrupted; its accomplishment is never complete. Such broken sleep is injurious in the highest degree. *Ordinary cases*

By far the most common cause of sleeplessness is indigestion in its various forms, due in the majority of cases to injured nervous systems; a condition unheard of, unrecognized, unappreciated—one hundred years ago.

The nerve-racking mental strain, business men undergo, or the everlasting sameness of certain wearying mental work and its terrible monotony, are most pregnant sources of insomnia. These conditions could be at least palliated by a certain amount of muscular activity; and, in fact, in such cases, physical exercise is an absolute necessity for sound sleep. *Exercise*

Anything tending to prolong an excessive congestion of the brain causes this distressing

condition of wakefulness. Extreme physical strain, nervous exhaustion, grief or anxiety, especially when they are experienced in the latter part of the day, near bedtime, are also causes.

Drop worry

Everything requiring mental exertion should be laid aside before dinner, and the evening entirely devoted to recreative enjoyment. Above all, avoid irritation; cultivate cheerfulness and a happy, contented mind; do not bring business cares home to jar the household. Drop them.

If you have anything on your mind, from a sonnet to a soup, "make a note of it." It is less nerve expense to use a paper tablet than to use the brain tablet.

Avoid being tense. When you think, use the brain alone. You cannot have repose of mind without repose of muscle.

Relax, let go mentally as well as physically, all will then be well.

Beware of the poison of over fatigue; it spells danger. Rest—is its only antidote.

Cultivate repose

Associate only with restful persons. Life is too short to be worried by those who fret over trifles. Encourage repose both of mind and

manners. Learn the lesson of self and acquire the perfect poise of health.

An uncomfortable bed will induce insomnia in the healthiest, serenest person. Indeed, it is more often the cause of sleeplessness than any other known. An absolutely even, cool, elastic surface, springy yet firm, is the necessary quality of a good bed, and one of the greatest aids to sleep.

Beware uneasy beds

One that is non-absorbent of moisture or emanations of the body, that is clean and healthful, and not heating, is the great desideratum; and of such an one I shall have more to say later.

The deep, undisturbed sleep of perfect health needs plenty of oxygen—good, pure, fresh air. That means open windows—wide open windows. And this requires proper protection from draft.

Good sleep means good breathing, good breathing means good health, and good health means good digestion, that great preservative from all ills, both mental and physical.

Cultivate good breathing

Above all, as I said before, plenty of oxygen, good, fresh, pure air is most essential for perfect sleep. Sleeping rooms need not necessarily be

cold, for the air may be warm and yet fresh and pure. No one should sleep in a draught, of course, but every sleeping room should have some arrangement for withdrawing foul air, as well as introducing fresh air in any manner that will insure perfect circulation.

Fresh air most essential

But given the best beds, the most admirably ventilated sleeping rooms, the most hygienic conditions of every sort, sleeplessness often refuses to be conquered. Its victims dread bedtime, for it means, perhaps, long staring into the darkness, going over the troubles or the excitement of the day, and with self-control gone, all troubles are magnified, all pleasures seem trite, every nerve tingles, and life becomes anything but "one grand sweet song."

Disturbed sleep

What then is to be done, when there is no fault to be found with the bed or its placing, and yet the insomnia fiend is busy?

To compel sleep by opiates or sedatives is not to cure sleeplessness. It is true that when the brain has been overtaxed by engrossing work, or the nervous system shattered by a severe shock, or exhausted by overwhelming anxiety, or out-

worn by excitement; or the habit of sleep has been broken by long and anxious vigils over a sick bed, a judiciously selected remedy *may* quiet the nerve-throbbing vibrations and help restore self-control to the brain, and so aid in breaking the wakeful habit.

Setting aside these exceptional cases, however, a sedative, whatever it be, is most ill advised; it is but temporary, and leaves the *cause* of sleeplessness entirely untouched; hence the drug danger.

The awful danger of drugs

If the cause of sleeplessness remains in full operation, instead of being removed by treatment, the nervous system becomes accustomed to the sleep drug, and a larger dose is ever required.

Drugs diminish the resistance and impair the strength. Once relief is experienced, it is again desired, and yet again, until finally it is impossible to endure with patience and fortitude the privation of sleep which was formerly thought unimportant. Thus the drug habit is established slavishly, and I cannot paint its horrible effects too vividly, or cry the warning sufficiently strong.

Much absurd advice has been given to the man who cannot sleep, but advice is not physic.

One man will tell you to lie with your eyes shut, to imagine sheep jumping over a hedge, and count them, one after another.

Mechanical aid

Another will tell you to count from one up toward a million, or until you go to sleep. The story is told of how a missionary troubled with sleeplessness repeated the Lord's Prayer over and over, until Satan sent him to sleep to get rid of it.

Most such advice is harmless; also practically worthless as a sleep inducer.

Nevertheless, some of it, I repeat, is not bad. The main thing is to stupefy or lull that acute sense of thought, particularly thoughts of self, for with such thoughts is wakefulness most intimately connected. That this requires self-help is, I find, most generally recognized. For instance: many men become more wide awake than ever when they try to invent imaginary sheep, or to keep track of their counting, as Wordsworth has most aptly written:

Self helps

'A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one; the sound of rain and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;

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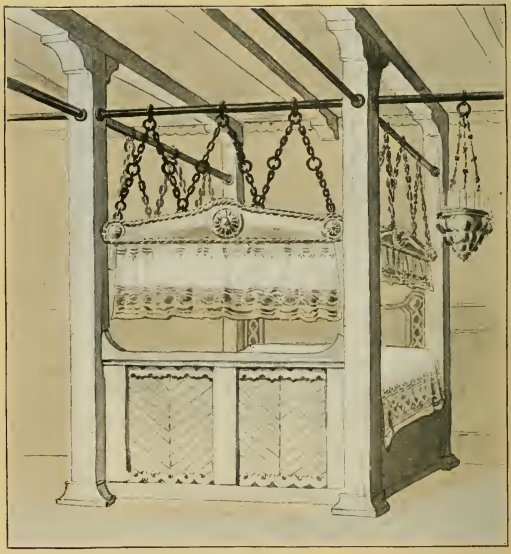


A MASSIVE OLD RUSSIAN BED OF OAK, COPPER AND BRASS, SUPPORTED BY IRON CHAINS, HUNG FROM IRON RODS. ARRANGED TO SMOTHER THE OCCUPANT

I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night and two nights more I lay
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth;
So do not let me wear to-night away.
Without thee, what is all the morning's wealth?"

The first thing is to remember the fact that wakefulness usually means a full flow of blood to the brain.

The blood tells

Whatever then will serve to draw the blood from the cerebral region ought to aid in inducing drowsiness.

Drowsiness is but a step to sleep.

Simple remedies

Almost every one has a favorite method of doing this. A hot foot bath is doubtless the most efficacious. Most physicians recommend a few minutes of very light gymnastic exercise, just before going to bed, accompanied or not by a quick sponge, or simple bath in tepid water.

A warm bath puts many people in an excellent condition for sleep, though a very hot one is likely to prove too stimulating. If a tub bath is not desired, a warm sponge after the exercise will

send most people who are not confirmed victims of sleeplessness into a delicious state of drowsiness.

Often it is advisable for the stomach to have sufficient work for the blood to do, and in that way call it from the brain.

The stomach assists

This does not mean that a meal such as will keep the digestive apparatus busy half the night is a cure for insomnia, or a preventive of it; but that something light, and easily digested—for instance a glass of hot milk and a cracker, a cup of hot bouillon, or a bowl of gruel—may often ward off the dreaded siege of sleeplessness, and send one comfortably to sleep like a drowsy kitten or a well-fed baby.

It is important to study the art of lying in bed comfortably. Avoid strained positions. Don't sleep with knees drawn up to your chin, or with your legs crossed; it unnecessarily fatigues and cramps the muscles. This also occurs when the fingers are clasped, or hands are lain upon.

Other ways to woo

Upon going to bed, try to find a position absolutely restful, in which the mattress supports every ounce of your weight, and your muscles support none of it.

Relax thoroughly at the very first. Lie limply as you can on your left side. The unusual weight on the heart will quiet its action, and tend to decrease its activity, and thus also that of the brain. Retain this position until you find that the world is getting hazy, and strange, foolish, drowsy, incoherent ideas creep into your mind; in other words, until your senses begin to go to sleep.

Without strain

If you can catch yourself just as a sleepy moment comes on, and then turn on your right side, you will have no difficulty in sleeping most happily through the entire night.

This way of inducing sleep will soon become a habit. In some cases, by steady practice, through nightly repetition, it has been known to cure sleeplessness altogether.

If very restless, place a handkerchief wet in ice-cold water at the base of the brain. In extreme cases, the sanitarium people use the ice-cap: a close fitting, double rubber cap, filled with pounded ice.

Cooling the head

At the sanitarium, just before retiring, they give the sleepless ones both a sitz and a foot bath:

the sitz 96° to 98° Fahr., the foot 110° to 115° Fahr. The sitz bath can be omitted.

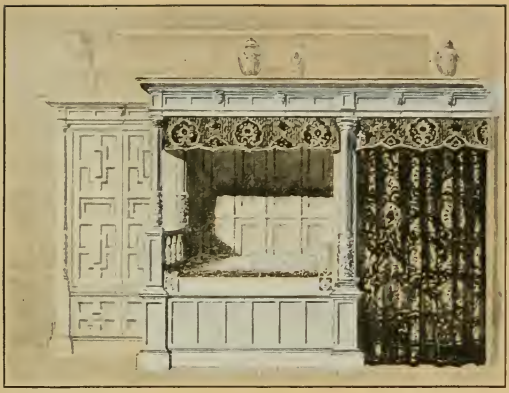
Water treatments

The salt rub is another sanitarium commandment. First, they turn the warm water on you. Second, rub you with handfuls of wet, not melted, salt. Third, rinse you. Fourth, dry you. This may be easily managed at home in a tub, or standing over a bath sheet.

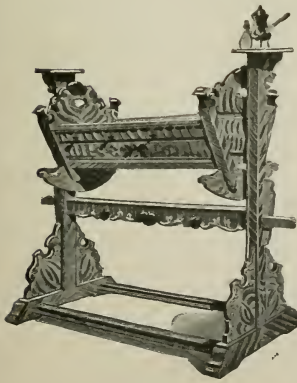
When the Witch is coy

Those who wake during the night, and are unable to fall asleep again, should on no account lie tossing about fretting at fate. Such a course invariably prevents the return of sleep. It is better to rise, throw back the covers to allow mattress and sheets to cool, walk two or three times around the room, draw a few deep breaths, filling the lungs with oxygen, brush the hair, take a drink of water, and then go back to what will feel like a cool, fresh bed. If that does not prove efficacious, take to a novel, or some other light reading, to temporarily occupy the mind. Such reading is at once a soothing comfort and an aid to sleep.

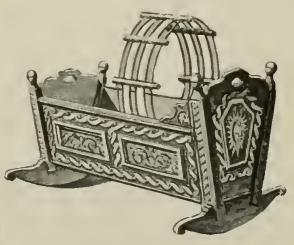
Whenever possible, I have always advocated going to a fresh, cool bed. Linen sheets are at



AN ITALIAN BED OF THE 16TH CENTURY, COMBINATION ARRANGEMENT OF BED, WARDROBE, AND CLOSET, IN PANELLED OAK AND TAPESTRY HANGINGS



SWINGING CRADLE OF THE 16TH CENTURY



OAKEN CRADLE OF THE 14TH CENTURY

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once a luxury, and their coolness, whether in summer or winter, a soporific delight, and a most marvelous antidote for sleeplessness, for you will find sleep creeping on as the heat of the body slowly warms the bed.

A cool bed induces drowsinesss

The most important adjunct of sleep, as I said before, is the possession of a good bed—one that invites repose, and assists tired nature by its relaxing comfort and sleep-inducing quality.

The prodigal abuse of sleep through spendthrift use is akin to life—as we make or mar it for ourselves. It's all in our own hands.

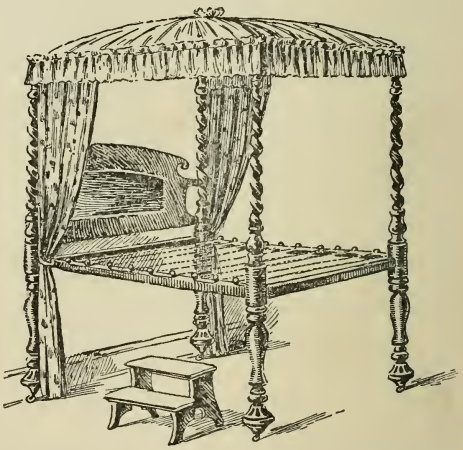
We control our own destiny, our every movement, it's all volitional on our part. And yet we go through life casting aside golden opportunities that rarely come again, or if favored with an encore, through lack of self-knowledge we fail to seize our own, and thus ignorant of self and life we go on, groping in the dark.

Life and sleep

So it is with sleep and its value to our physical well-being, its proper environment and our ability to secure all its true worth—through ignorance or a disinclination to seek out truths, following only habit, tradition, or what others

Seek to find

have done—like the instinct of animals, instead of searching for the why and wherefore, and aiming at the best in life or sleep.



OLD FASHIONED HIGH POST CORDED BOTTOM BEDSTEAD OF 1700

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE BED.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And;—born in bed, in bed we die.
The nearer approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.
ISAAC DE BENSERADE, 1612.

E of the Twentieth Century require practically as much sleep as did our ancestors of the First, our many efforts to abrogate the law of sleep bringing the penalty of various nervous diseases, insomnia, and premature decline of vital force.

A sleep preservative

Our vitality—that vital force—our sole Life Capital, depends entirely on sleep. The most vital question, therefore, certainly the most practical one, is how to promote and preserve the function of sleep against disturbance.

An uncomfortable bed will induce insomnia in the healthiest, serenest person. It is more often the cause of those twin torments, sleeplessness and

wakefulness, than any other known. Indeed, barring indigestion, that impoverisher of sleep—the primal cause of all our ills, both mental and physical—and which so insidiously undermines even the strongest constitution, nothing so quickly or so radically destroys sleep, or prevents that perfect relaxation conducive to sleep, as an uneasy bed.

Bed makes or mars sleep

An absolutely even, elastic surface, springy yet firm, is the necessary quality of a good bed; one that is non-absorbent of moisture or emanations of the body, that is clean and healthy, and non-heating is the great desideratum; and yet, how rare a luxury is such a bed.

A good bed is a physical necessity. By my reference to the bed, I mean the mattress, of course. That is the jewel, the bedstead being merely the setting; the spring, but an improvement upon and a luxurious addition to the setting.

The bedstead and spring are merely supports for the mattress. They may be richly sumptuous in elaboration and cost, or of the utmost simplicity, without adding to or destroying the sleep-inducing quality of the mattress.

The materials from which the mattress is constructed are more vitally important than is generally recognized by the average sleeper, or even by the highest authorities on hygiene and sanitation. Physicians only cursorily dwell upon this subject and have given it by far too little thought.

In health, we spend fully one-third of our lives in bed—far too many invalids all their weary hours—yet we passively continue the use of whatever material habit, tradition or inheritance has handed down to us for mattress filling, utterly regardless of its sanitary or unsanitary qualities.

One-third our lives in bed

Considering the importance of the mattress, and the progress of the century in other directions, it is both astonishing and unaccountable that this subject should have received so little attention, especially in an age that has made such strides in the study of personal hygiene, and the proven origin of germ infections.

How many forms of the commoner infectious diseases, and complicated skin affections, which are the "bête noir" of medical practice everywhere, have their origin and source in the saturated, unsunned and unsanitary mattresses

Hidden dangers

So life begins and ends

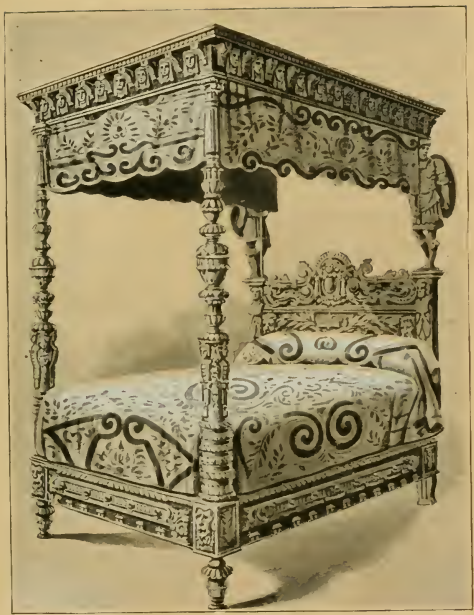
on which we spend so much of our time, on which we are born and on which we die,—is a pathological conundrum that no statistician has as yet attempted to solve.

Of all materials employed for mattresses, except among the very poor, horse hair has been the most commonly used during the past century. Prior to hair, feathers were used for many years, and were considered the best; but they are really, in every sense, the poorest.

Those of our fore-fathers

Feathers are soft and warm—entirely too soft and warm—and are without any redeeming feature. The feather beds of our great grandmothers—than which there is nothing more abominably unhygienic, saturated with the emanations of half a dozen generations, perfect charnel houses of filth—were handed down for years, as priceless luxuries. Feather beds, however, during the past century became gradually recognized as undesirable. The hair mattress took their place as the best obtainable, and gradually superseded feathers on account of its greater desirability and supposed cleanliness.

Genuine horse hair, derived from the manes and tails of horses, principally in South America,



THE GRAND CARVED BED AND EMBROIDERED CANOPY BUILT FOR FRANCIS I. ABOUT 1530

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when properly prepared for use, makes a fairly good bed at first; but hair, originally unclean and practically uncleanable, is an animal fibre and filled with natural animal secretions that can never be expelled. It soon becomes foul and filthy, infested by vermin, absorbent of germs and emations of the body, a breeder of disease, and a constant menace to health.

Unclean animal fibres

At the present time this is especially the case, owing to the keen competition of manufacturers, who have forced into use all the filthy and ill-smelling scrapings of the tan yards, the refuse of the abbatoir, and additions of former discards, together with various mixtures of other waste, for the purpose of reducing cost, the great desideratum; so that to-day it is not how good a hair mattress can be made, but—how cheap.

This daily cheapening is making of the hair mattress nothing more nor less than a makeshift. Even when made from the best quality of hair—if you can find a best—it may prove delightfully soft and springy at first, but soon loses its elasticity, gathers dirt and dust, the natural oil of the hair tenaciously holding all impurities.

Horse hair

A hair mattress requires frequent renovation, to keep it in even a fairly clean and comfortable state, and is a constant source of expense and annoyance; and, on the whole, unsatisfactory, unhygienic and unhealthy.

Other fillings

All other fillings, consisting of the various cheap substitutes for hair, ranging all the way from the straw of the country, excelsior of the city, corn husks, hay, etc., to the more pretentious vegetable fibres, like sea grass, pine bark, moss, etc.,—are most of them, comparatively, if not entirely wholesome.

Pretences

Many of these pseudo articles, however, which often masquerade under high-sounding titles to conceal their humble origin, or their identity, especially when mixed, may or may not be pure; but this very admixture of other substances makes me doubt their being sanitarily innocent of impurities. At best, they are simply evolutions—worthless pretences, and are not suggestive of slumber, repose, solace or thrift.

Of all these materials, feathers, the most heating of all fillings, as I said before, stood out preeminently at one time as the best obtainable.

Users of horse hair were possessed of the same peculiar fallacy; but feathers, once considered the best, are in every sense not merely the poorest, but the worst. Horse hair is far cooler, but without any other redeeming feature than its original "spring," and that favoring feature is really due to artificial curl, produced mechanically.

Artificial

That the hair on the head of a woman is certainly far purer, sweeter, cleaner than the hair from the mane or tail of a horse, you will readily grant; and yet, can you fancy sleeping on a mattress made of human hair—even gathered only from the heads of people you know—naturally curly—therefore having a natural, not a mechanical "spring"? Would not a shudder of repulsion creep over and possess you with the nauseating thoughts of its horrid incongruity?

Beds of human hair

Why, if human hair was used for the making of mattresses, how extremely careful we would be in selecting it!—demanding to know whence the hair was gathered—how—when—why—whose? And in spite of the dealers' declaration that they contained naught but "Virgin tresses, fragrant as the breath of spring," a guarantee would be re-

quired, signed by the Board of Health, as to its sanitary condition. Nothing could dispel visions of untold disease, the morgue and hospital; and the horrors of contagion from bacilli would ever be present in one's dreams.

Germ infection

Yet a horse-hair mattress is in reality far more unsanitary and unclean, and dangerous to health in every possible way, than a mattress of human hair. The best hair, coming from tropical countries, where malignant diseases abound, can never be thoroughly cleansed, and many cases of fatal contagion occur, that do not become public, owing to their character, like the following:

GERMS IN IMPORTED HAIR.

SING SING CONVICT ATTACKED WITH A RARE TROUBLE PECULIAR TO ANIMALS.

Dr. R. T. Irvine, physician at the Sing Sing prison, has a rare case under treatment in the prison hospital. It is that of maligna, and the patient is John Culleton, aged 28, of Flatbush, L. I.

The attack is a common one in South America among cattle. Culleton worked in the curled hair industry in the prison. The hair used comes from South America. About two weeks ago he had a pimple on his neck and rubbed it. At the time he must have had some of the germs under his nail, gathered while handling the hair.

The man is now paralyzed on his entire left side. The attack is generally fatal, but the doctor thinks his patient will pull through.—*New York World*, Dec. 18, 1896.

Hair makes a mattress that is dangerous when new, and rapidly becomes more so as it absorbs dirt and moisture with time and use; and yet, there are many who have become so inured, through custom, to consider them the "best," that they prove the old proverb, "Where ignorance is bliss," etc., since visions of the horse morgue or hospital, far more repulsive, and quite as dangerous, never seem to disturb their heavy slumbers.

Disease breeders

They sleep well, who know not that they sleep ill,—and yet, is it wise to go through life without knowing? Really, the thoughtlessness—yes, even the ignorance of many physicians on this subject is astonishing. For instance: a prominent physician, a recognized authority on hygiene, at that—in a recent magazine article—makes the following statement:

Ignorance

"Genuine curled hair, *derived from the tails of neat cattle* and the tails and manes of horses, when thoroughly cleansed and made aseptic, makes good mattresses and pillows that are immeasurably superior to feathers."

Can you picture the "neat cattle"? Is not the absurdity of the remark delicious?

Personal hygiene

In these days of physical culture and personal hygiene, and that tending to daily betterment of manhood and womanhood—which is upbuilding the coming generation to a higher and greater physical standard—sleep, and the care of the body, while asleep, should receive the proper attention due its pregnancy.

The skin and pores

While we sleep, and the body is unprotected, except by the sentinels of nature, the skin is by no means inactive. The pores are all wide awake, and at this time ripe for the absorption of germs. Surely, therefore, a germ-proof mattress is an absolute necessity. This first of all requires a non-absorbent filling of positive purity and one that will remain uncontaminated under all conditions.

Purity of cotton

Cotton is probably the purest filling obtainable for mattress use. It is a vegetable fibre, and has none of the objectionable features of animal fibre, like hair or feathers. It is also the coolest known filling. Contrary to general opinion, it is non-heating, a non-conductor as well, most hygienic and sanitary, and peculiarly cool in summer.

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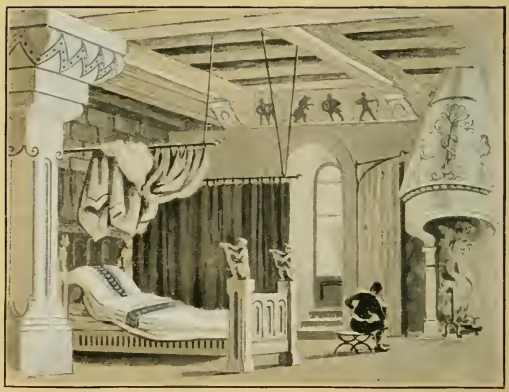


A MEDIÆVAL BED OF THE 12TH CENTURY. FROM AN EXCEEDINGLY RARE ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT

Cotton is by no means a new mattress material, for it was used for stuffing cushions in Egypt, centuries ago.

Vegetable fibre

It was then known as Kurpas, the "vegetable lamb" or "plant wool." We know it to-day botanically as Gossypium Herbaceum.

Ordinary, unprepared, picked up, raw cotton, makes an exceedingly agreeable mattress, at first; but it has the serious objection of soon becoming lumpy and uncomfortable. That objection, however, can be overcome by proper preparation and manipulation of the cotton.

For many years the subject of bedding and its relation to sleep has been of deep interest to me. I have slept on all kinds of mattresses, on all sorts of beds, in all sorts of places, and found nothing to equal the cotton mattresses, such as I have used for the past twenty years or more.

Absolutely germ proof

These were made from an especially prepared species of cotton, grown for the purpose; of a fibre and texture that is singularly adapted to certain chemical action and sterilization, which renders it absolutely germ proof—and at the same time water proof. From this raw material

was felted and interlaced a sheeted fabric material, delightfully soft and downy, no more like raw cotton than finished cloth is like natural wool.

Built, not "stuffed"

The mattresses were made by laying these sheets one over the other, into a huge even pile, and then sewing the covering over them, instead of their being "stuffed" as mattresses usually were. That way of making is in itself of inestimable value in securing an evenly soft, elastic mattress. Mine I have found practically peerless in comfort, free from even a single objectionable feature, and immeasurably superior to hair.

Mattresses thus made are a marvel and a revelation of what can be done and what should be done to guarantee those most essential attributes — cleanliness and absolute purity.

Indeed, barring the purity of the air in the room during sleep, there is nothing so vital as the absolute purity of the bed.

The life machine

Every person is a living machine, constantly in motion, while asleep or awake. The pure air we breathe is the lubricant that keeps the machine running smoothly. Nature provides a change of air for the lungs from sixteen to twenty thousand

times per day to maintain the even working of the heart—the machine which pumps the blood that feeds the brain and makes possible nature's daily work we call — Life.

Nature's daily work

It is most necessary, therefore, that sleep should have its proper setting; and every possible appliance conducive to its perfect accomplishment.

Our personal standards of comfort, while highly placed, have been quite inadequate as to hygiene, worthy of the home. Prejudice and tradition — and tradition is almost prejudice itself — have been overcome, and investigation is rapidly forcing a marked change for the better.

Strange to say, however, the bed seems to have been overlooked. A mattress filled with contaminating animal fibre does not harmonize with the trappings of a clean and wholesome bed, any more than a foul or polluted atmosphere is in keeping with the surroundings of an otherwise healthful sleeping apartment.

Long usage of the mattress I described has proven that it is the only foundation for a perfect bed, and the only one to be installed in the sleeping room of a refined home.

The foundation

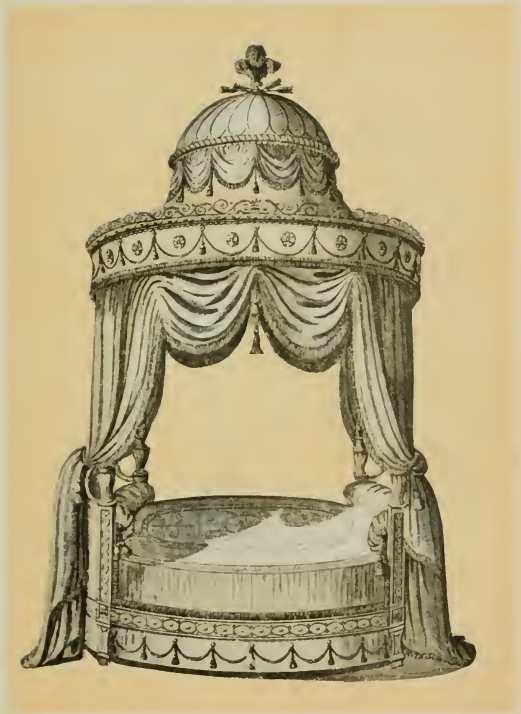
An appreciation.

Therefore, when I find in this age of shams, makeshifts, and cost-reducing substitutes, an article of so high a standard, I cannot refrain from expressing my appreciation of so important a factor in securing that good, healthful, refreshing sleep during one-third the time which makes possible the perfect Life.

Among the well-to-do in most modern communities feathers, at one time used entirely for beds, are now limited chiefly to pillows. although hair is also used for pillows to some extent. The favored few can boast of "downy pillows," steam dressed, but the masses rest their weary heads on fluffy and more or less odoriferous feather pillows. Social rank is measured by the sizes of these headrests. Ambitious housewives add bolsters, which indicate a further degree of social standing and discomfort.

The "spare bed."

To sleep in a guest bed in the city, or the "spare bed" of the well-to-do country housewife, one must first make a bold advance on the formidable pile at the head of the bed, remove some artistically useless make-believes called "shams," and then either toss the pillows overboard or sit



ROYAL ENGLISH HIGH POST BED, DOME TOP, OF MAHOGANY MARQUETRY DESIGNED BY CHIPPENDALE

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on end, propped up by pillows and bolster, like an asthmatic or an invalid.

High pillows of any material should never be tolerated. The use of them is purely habit and has no sanction in either anatomy, physiology or hygiene. Any pillow that raises the head out of line with the body is anatomically unnatural and physically injurious, for height affects and obstructs perfect breathing, and is therefore injurious to health, and disturbs perfect sleep. The thickness should never exceed one and a half or two inches, and some authorities urge that it is far better to entirely dispense with pillows.

Sleep disturbers

Cotton pillows are much cooler and more hygienic than either feathers or hair, and are being used to some extent. They are, however, but makeshifts suitable to warm climates and summer weather, and as made from ordinary or unprepared cotton are neither as aseptic nor as elastic as those made from other materials, nor do they retain their elasticity for any considerable length of time. When cotton is prepared by this scientific process, and thoroughly freed from its natural oil, made aseptic, water proof, germ proof, vermin

Whole some

and dust proof, by their treatment, and sterilized through heat, and that peculiar chemic and mechanic change which renders it permanently elastic, it becomes an ideally wholesome material, and perfection itself for pillows as well as mattresses, ever conducive to slumber and repose.

THE SUPPOSED BED OF KING SOLOMON, FOUND IN MANUSCRIPT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SLEEPING PLACES AND THEIR HISTORY.

ROM the days of Menes, 7,000 years ago, it's a far cry indeed to the present day, the time covered by the history of the bed and its evolutions.

The beds of the ancients

The subject may be divided into three great periods: Ancient, Mediæval and Modern; and these again are subdivided into Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Gothic (both early and late), and Renaissance—a résumé that brings us well within the Eighteenth Century.

Although few examples are in existence, the beds of the ancients are not unknown to us. Antiquity began with leaves, then the skins of beasts to seek creature comfort, gradually increasing among the Egyptians to luxury on such a magnificently colossal scale that reached its very zenith at the time of the fall of Rome, and the like of which the world has never since seen equaled during all the many intervening centuries.

The Alpha and Omega of life

Eating and sleeping in those days were considered the Alpha and Omega of life. The table, then, and the couch as well, were incomparable luxuries. An estimate of the prodigality of the times can readily be formed by the single instance of Gabius Apicius, who after spending over $4,000,000 on the elegancies of his table alone (tradition names the amount), hanged himself rather than "face starvation on such a miserable pittance," as he called the $400,000 remaining of his large fortune.

Earliest mention of beds

The earliest mention of beds is probably to be found in the Book of Esther. The houses therein described had floors of concrete, tiles or various colored marble. They were extremely clean. The shoes or sandals used without were taken off and the feet washed before entering the house. The floors were also partially covered with skins, rugs, and small movable carpets.

The beds consisted of coarse, stuffed pillows, or cushions, thrown or piled in a corner of the room, or else placed around two or three sides of a room, used for seats by day, and beds by night.

Later on, a place was built at one end of the

room, more elevated than a seat, on which a stuffed cushion was placed, and this was the usual mode of sleeping.

The Egyptians

In course of time these elevations were made movable by the Egyptians. They were exquisitely fashioned from wood, ivory, bronze, copper, gold, and silver.

Thus the origin of the early Egyptian bedsteads, which during the Roman Empire became articles of such extraordinary beauty, costly and magnificent, often carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl and semi-precious stones.

All beds at this time, strange to say, of which any record is found, appear to have been narrow, and of single width only,—really half couch and half bed.

Roman dining bed

Food and sleep with the Romans were closely allied. Their curious dining bed, the triclinium, or three in one, consisted of three richly cushioned and highly ornamented couches placed around three sides of a table; the other side being left open, permitting the slaves easy access to the table for the serving of viands.

After the consequent confusion and the utter

destruction resulting from the fall of the second Roman Empire, everything was chaotic, living again became most primitive, and furnishings were of the simplest description, comprising but the barest of necessities. A bench, a chest, and a few skins were all the household goods of the masses. The chest held the stores of coarse linen, and was used as a table—as occasion demanded—and as a couch or bed, with the addition of skins.

Fall of Rome

During the Middle Ages, as general civilization became slowly re-established, and human life and property more secure, household comforts became more common. Gradually the couch chest grew into the "beddstock," at first only a movable sleeping structure, crude in style. Ornamentation gradually followed, until finally the bedstead was built into the room, similar to the modern steamship berth. Then a whole section of the room was set apart and built in for sleeping purposes—really a room within a room, and here the first known double bed appeared, simple curtains were added as a screen, and early in the Twelfth Century the high post canopy top bedstead, separate, movable, hung with hand-

The Middle Ages

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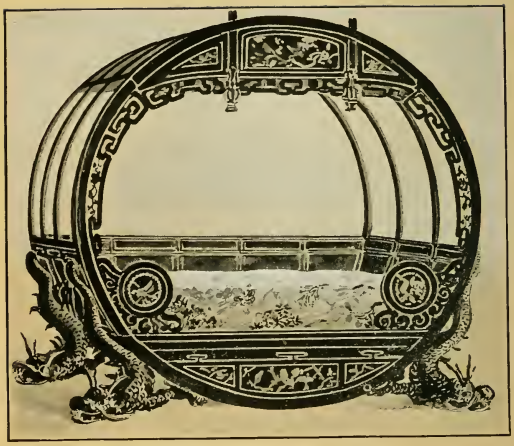

ANCIENT IMPERIAL JAPANESE BED. A RARE EXAMPLE OF TEAK CARVING BELONGING TO THE ROYAL FAMILY

some embroidered curtains, a thing of beauty, imposing, and important, first came into use.

Bed first luxury

The bed was the first real luxury of the home to be evolved from a most meager showing to the magnificent examples of classic architecture and ornament, that lives as "tout-ensemble" or whole, even to the present day.

Beds became greatly cherished by the nobility on account of their artistic value and beauty. The social position or aspirations of a particular family often became centered upon and recognized in accordance with the stateliness of their bedstead, which dominated all the other household furniture in character, cost and importance.

Beds in entail

Many old inventories and wills in existence show that particular value and consequence were attached to even the most primitive contrivances, and in most of these cases on record the bedstead is especially bestowed in entail.

At this early period, of course, the greatest luxury was only possible to the people of the highest rank. Each home of any pretension of the lower classes contained an enormous bedstead, upon which the man, his wife, his children, his

guests, and even the stranger who asked for hospitality could easily sleep.

Many sharing one bed

This habit of sharing a bed with the guests was by no means confined to the lower classes. Royalty sanctioned the custom, and the guest welcomed at castle or chateau could receive no greater honor than to occupy the same bed with the lord and his lady.

In feudal times nearly every manor house and castle had three kinds of beds. They were really three in one, as they were all but component parts of one complete whole, called "Trinity"—

First—The bed of state, used by the lord, his lady, and immediate family.

Second—A lower affair upon which their attendants slept.

Trinity

Third—Still a lower bed, drawing from underneath the second, just like our more recent trundle bed, used exclusively for the servants.

It seems odd to picture such a bed in these days, and yet there are a few examples still in existence, both in France and England.

These old castles were usually of great size, and contained enormous rooms; the manner of

living was on a wider scale, and furnishings were consequently huge in size, though exceedingly small in number and variety.

The wealthy nobles at this time possessed several mansions, and country houses as well, yet notwithstanding the high appreciation of the artistic, but very little attention was paid to cleanliness; and, incredible as this may seem, it is an authentic fact, that when the filth and vermin became unendurable in one house, they left it to "sweeten" as they said, and went to another of their estates to live!

Incredible uncleanliness

The earliest period of modern art was undoubtedly laid in Italy, later France, and then England more slowly followed. The beautiful Italian Renaissance was introduced into France by Francis I. welcoming Italian artists to his courts during the first half of the Sixteenth Century, when Leonardo da Vinci and Benvenuto Cellini introduced the magnificent examples of beds, with their exquisitely artistic carvings, that still remain the standard of classic art in England and other countries of Europe.

The beautiful Renaissance

Classic art in England accompanied the classic

literature of the period, but being far distant from the true fountain head of art, it was long before the native Gothic style gave place to the classic Renaissance. In fact, it was over a century after the foundation of St. Peter's at Rome, that Henry VIII., brought over two foreign artists, notably John of Padua and Havenius of Cleves, to introduce what was then called the "new style" more fully in England.

Gothic

After the fourteenth, and prior to the sixteenth century, all bedsteads supported the mattress by cords or straps attached to the framework; before that, the bed had a solid bottom.

During the last half of the fifteenth, and early in the sixteenth century, slats were first used, and the high post canopy top bedstead began to be made so high that it was provided with a pair of steps to enable the occupants to get in or out. They were so made, with many variations, until the early part of the eighteenth century, when these, together with the severe yet graceful lines of the Empire, merging into those of Chippendale and Sheraton, set the stamp upon the early Colonial "four-posters" of America.

High post canopy top.

In England, at this time, as well as in America, the "high post" bedstead was extensively used, although the "low post" bed, without canopy top, was quite in evidence.

Low post and field beds

The "field beds" were also popular, being lighter and cheaper than the regular four-posters, with heavy carved cornice and solid wood testers or roof.

Light curved iron bars or rods, joining the top of the posts of the field beds, formed a dome or canopy framework for drapery, making an effect like tents on a battle field, whence the name no doubt was taken.

Heppelwaite, that great authority on draperies, laid down a most severe law as to how beds must be draped or curtained.

The tops of all beds varied greatly in shape, and were designated as "dome tops," "wagon tops," "Venetian," "curved," etc.

Varied shapes.

Other varieties, as "close beds"— beds with doors that close — setting out in the room, differing from the "press beds," that are more like a closet, and the "cupboard bed," that had drawers underneath, the bed being up in the air,

behind sliding or hinged doors, and "couch beds," corresponding to those in use to-day, being similar to a chest with sunken top, holding mattress or cushion, often a drawer or two underneath, making a bed at night, a seat by day.

Oliver Goldsmith

'Twas doubtless of such Oliver Goldsmith wrote:

> "The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay—
> A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

The Queen of Egypt's bed-chamber contained all that art or luxury could suggest. There were pictures in it "so real that one could almost catch the fragrance of the flowers," and "birds might have pecked at the fruits painted upon the walls." It was beautiful in the extreme. The floors and walls were of many colored marbles, gold, ivory, and bronze, ornamented with gems.

The bed, built of ivory and gold, was of immense size, covered with the finest silken draperies, quaintly embroidered and laced with gold cord. On the footboard of the bed stood a gold cupid, or god of love, thirty-six inches high, aiming a golden arrow from his bow at Cleopatra as she slept therein.

Cleopatra.

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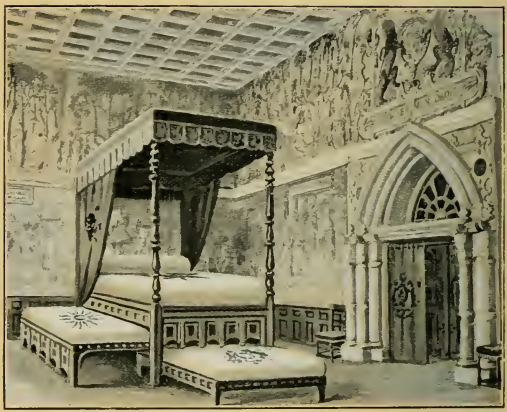


THE "TRINITY" BED OF STATE, CONSISTING OF "THREE IN ONE," IN WHICH THE ENTIRE FAMILY, THE ATTENDANTS, AND HIGHER SERVANTS SLEPT DURING FEUDAL TIMES

The air was heavy and sweet with languorous perfumes, notwithstanding through the open windows came the salt scent of the distant Mediterranean. Everywhere in the great room were incomparable carpets and couches piled high with wonderful silken draperies.

The out-door bedroom.

Just outside, piazza-like—in the true sense of the word—a sort of out-door bedroom was arranged, fully as luxurious in style, wherein another bed, of bronze, marble, and gold, was built and overhung with canopies. Here the "Serpent of old Nile" slept during hot nights, attended by many slaves, under covers of the "filmy gleaming silk of Cos," sheltered by a netted tent of closely woven linen gauze.

These are facts, well authenticated by data and many known examples. We think and talk of Cleopatra and the people of other times and climes as if they were the creations of the poet and romancer, and had never really existed, because we simply read history, and do not study it, duly digesting facts.

Wanton living.

We all know of the almost incredible excesses and wanton living of the times preceding the

awful horror of the fall of Rome, reducing everything to ruin, and almost ringing the death knell of civilization.

Re-establishment.

The next thousand years show us the re-establishment of life on a far different basis—at first so primitive that even the barest of necessities were almost priceless luxuries. But slowly, steadily, we note increasing creature comforts, until finally the luxuries of the day become but the necessities of the morrow.

Ancient and Modern.

As it was then, so it is with us of to-day; lost arts have been regained, new discoveries made, until it almost seems as if we were rapidly approaching the splendor of the ancients, and far surpassing them in our later inventions, particularly those wonderful ones of the twentieth century, which, with its utilization of the electric spark alone achieved more for art, science and civilization than all the other intervening years put together.

There is hardly one thing in a modern, well-appointed bedroom that was not to be found in the apartments of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, over two thousand years ago.

The British Museum, the Metropolitan of New York, and the various European museums, contain many wonderful examples of early Egyptian art: costly pictures, bronzes, chairs, tables, beds, all kinds of household furniture, also cooking utensils,—even food.

Museum exhibits.

A roast goose is now in a New York collection, which, but for a look of extra dryness, might pass for a specimen of yesterday's cooking, although baked in Egypt three thousand years ago. These things are so well preserved because the climate of Egypt has been so dry. A piece of white paper may lie in an Egyptian tomb for ten, twenty, or fifty years without showing a particle of dust or discoloration.

The Abbott collection contains a lady's work basket, found in an Egyptian tomb by the side of the body of a lady who died two thousand five hundred years ago. That basket contains scissors, needles, pins, and balls of thread, beads, etc.

Old yet new.

Now millions are quite certain that scissors, needles, pins, thread, beads, etc., were comparatively new inventions, yet here is evidence of their use two thousand five hundred years ago.

These articles of course were then luxuries only for the very rich. The poor had no part in them whatsoever.

Comfort for rich only.

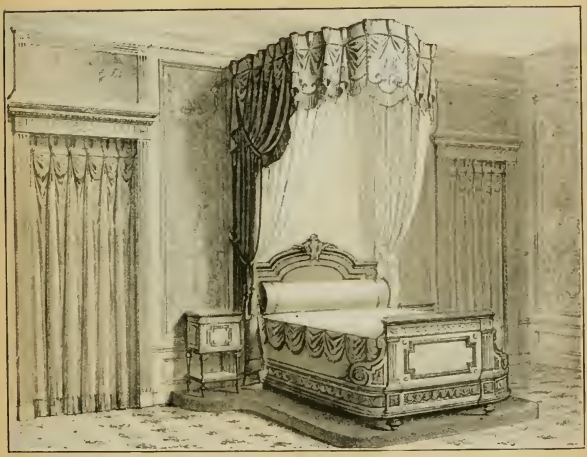
The rich slept under silken covers, between embroidered curtains of silk, on feather beds of richly ornate elegance, in magnificently proportioned rooms with inlaid marble floors, exquisitely painted or frescoed, which, lacking a few essentials of our later necessities, would in every sense satisfy the most fastidious millionaire to-day.

The poor had none of this. Their houses were mean and squalid in every respect. They lived rudely, and slept crudely, on bundles of straw, or hay, or grass. They were by no means as well off as the poor of Europe to-day, who know nothing of the comparative wealth of luxury commonly enjoyed in this country by even the humblest of our fellows.

Luxury common to-day.

To-day, nearly all the luxury of Egypt, ancient Greece and Rome, reserved then for only the great and wealthy, are everyday comforts common to us all.

The bedrooms, as well as the buildings of the wealthy Grecians, have never been equaled for



A GERMAN BED OF THE 18TH CENTURY. FROM AN EXAMPLE NOW IN THE POTSDAM PALACE

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magnificence and durability, exhibiting in their construction the admirable proportions and beauty of the three Grecian orders of architecture: Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.

Influence of Greek art.

Those bedrooms have always been considered among the wonders of human art, they were so long, so wide, so high, and so roomy. Though for many centuries in ruins, they are to-day the recognized standards and copied as the best by all nations.

An English gentleman's house in the Middle Ages containing more than one or two beds was a rarity. The stone walls were usually bare, without wainscot or even plaster, excepting in the houses of the higher nobility, where they were furnished with hangings. Libraries and pictures were conspicuous by their absence. Silver plate was very rare. There is more silver plate in the New York homes of to-day than there was in all England during the years prior to 1600.

When beds were few.

The Earl of Cumberland's Skipton Castle, an immense building with forty rooms, built in 1572, had but eight beds, and not one of the bed-chambers contained chairs, glasses or carpets.

Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth's bed was built of rosewood and was of great size, fully as large in itself as the modern hall bedrooms. It was extremely high with steps to climb up therein. The Queen slept on feathers, and used very high feather pillows, sleeping in almost a sitting posture.

The bed stood in the center of the room, on a dais or raised platform—the head to the wall—and was hung with beautifully embroidered curtains emblazoned with heraldic designs and arms.

Shakespeare, in the Twelfth Night, refers to the celebrated "Bed of Ware":

> "As many lies as shall lie in thy sheet of paper, altho' the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware."

Wonderful Bed of Ware.

This celebrated bed, according to a well-known historical manuscript, was originally 18 feet 6 inches wide, 12 feet long, and had a pull-out or truckle again as large, and accommodated sixty-eight people, the under bed holding half that number. Mention is made that men and their wives slept in this manner: first, a man and his wife; then, a woman and her husband; another man and his wife, alternating in this

way so that no man was near to any woman but his wife. It was made by Jonas Fosbrooke, a carpenter, who, after spending thirty years in its construction, presented it upon completion to Edward IV., in 1463. For this he received a pension of forty marks a year.

Made for Edward IV.

Shortly after the death of the King — owing to the plague — the bed was considerably altered and had a somewhat checkered career. It was taken for debt, in 1765, from the "Crown Inn" to the "Bull," for years the chief inn of Ware. In 1840 it was moved to Saracen's Head, when it was again altered, being shortened by three feet.

In 1869 it was sold for a hundred guineas to the proprietor of the Rye House, Roxbury, where it was exhibited at a charge of two pence a head. It is described as a very elaborately carved affair of Tudor style, and built of solid oak.

The "second best bed" that Shakespeare left in his famous will to his wife, would make about four of our beds in size. Shakespeare died wealthy, and his "second best" in the way of bed, an article at that time so precious a possession, would indeed be a treasure to-day.

2nd best of Shakespeare.

Grotesque carvings

The heads of most bedsteads were frequently carved. Sometimes grotesque figures were employed on each side to hold the curtains when they were drawn back. Frequently shelves were placed in the headboard; an old custom, for Chaucer alludes to them when, speaking of the studious taste of the scholar in the Clerk's Tale, he says:

> "For him was leber han at his beddes hed
> A twenty bokes clothed in black and red."

Religious sentiment

On this narrow shelf were placed medicine bottles, books and candlesticks, and the secret cupboard was not unknown. In some cases these cupboards contained a shrine. Religious sentiment was always bestowed upon the bed in mediæval days, for not only were angels and cherubs disposed about the canopy or tester, and the carvings Biblical or allegorical, but people taught their children this rhyme:

> "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
> Bless the bed that I lie on:
> Four corners to my bed,
> Four angels round my head;
> God within, God without,
> Blessed Jesus all about."

Sometimes the central panel of the bedsteads had a secret spring, so that it could be used as a means of escape into the adjoining chamber or secret passage. Cupboards were also often concealed artfully in the large bases of the foot posts.

Secret panels.

The "sixteen-post" bedstead, often spoken of in old manuscripts, had five small posts on each of the two foot posts, which counted as twelve, and the double head posts as two each, made the sixteen.

These beds in a more or less elaborate form still existed during the seventeenth century, and our forefathers in the southern states regarded them with great affection. We know that the wealthy English planters of Maryland and Virginia set quite as much store by their beds, which they brought over with such great difficulty, as they did at home. We have evidence of this in the wills, as well as in the prices at which these articles of furniture were appraised in old inventories still in existence.

Our Colonial forefathers.

The great post bedsteads, heavily carved, with the trundle bed below, that pulled out on rollers, was found in innumerable homes. The trundle,

The trundle bed.

or truckle bed, in baronial days was a couch of little honor, being occupied by personal attendants for protection. It was a servile resting place:

> "He that is beaten may be said
> To lie in Honour's truckle bed."

The trundle bed was used, however, almost exclusively by children in this country.

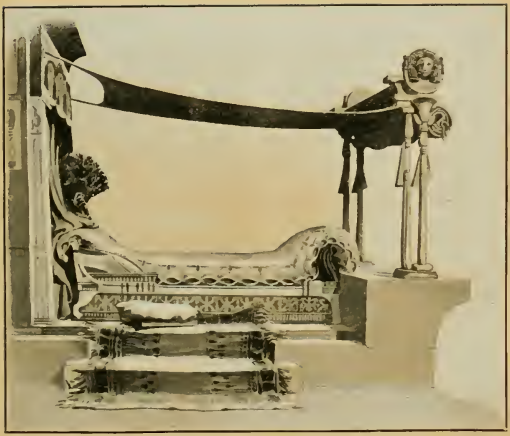
The average price for an oak carved bedstead in England—1650 to 1700—was about £150. They were the most important and expensive article of all the furnishings of the home.

As was the importance of the bedstead and draperies in England and in Europe, so it was with our early forefathers in America, as you can gather from the inventory of the belongings of Thomas Deacon, York Co., Virginia, in 1647.

Early Virginia data.

His house contained but two rooms, yet he was by no means poor, for he owned two bedsteads with curtains worth 850 pounds of tobacco each. That meant, according to value of tobacco, they were worth fully one thousand dollars each.

The will of Richard Lee, of Virginia, dated 1663, shows the particular value that was attached to beds at that time:



AN EGYPTIAN BED OR "OUT-DOOR" SLEEPING PLACE SUCH AS WAS USED BY CLEOPATRA

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"Item. My will and earnest desire is that my household stuff at Stratford be divided into three parts, two of which I give to my son John, and bind him to give to every one of his brothers a bed, and the other part I give to my wife, Anna Lee.

"Item. I give and bequeath unto my eldest son John three islands lying in the Bay of Chesapeake, and the great bed I brought over in the Duke of York."

Bed hangings

The use of bed curtains, or hangings, began in mediæval times, prior to the tenth century, when they were necessary for privacy, gradually increasing in richness and elegance, until they more than rivaled the bedstead in cost during the thirteenth century. They became draperies of the most splendid ornament and grandeur that taste could devise during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the best artists of the day lending their talents to their designing.

Every conceivable fabric was used in their construction—the most costly tapestry, good examples of which cost fabulous prices to-day; old quaintly woven silks, and velvets heavy with the finest of gold embroidery. The designs consisted of arms and various heraldic devices, as well as set figures of flowers, birds and animals.

Kings and queens and, of course, the lesser lights following suit, made the bedchamber of even greater importance than ordinary, receiving their courtiers therein. This was particularly so in France, where instead of holding levees, as the early reception was called, they held morning receptions, called "couchée," when the host or hostess, dressed for the occasion, received in bed.

The "Couchée"

Both beds and draperies were considered most precious belongings, being entailed, or else were most carefully itemized and bequeathed by will.

King Edward III., in 1376, leaves to his son Edward, the Black Prince, "an entire bed with all the hangings marked with the arms of France and England now in our Palace of Westminster."

Edward, the Black Prince, in 1377, bequeaths "to our son Richard the bed which the King our father gave us (the same bed), and to Sir Roger de Clarendon, an embroidered silk bed. To Sir Robert de Walsham, our confessor, a large bed of red camora, with our arms embroidered at each corner, also embroidered with the arms of Hereford: to Mons. Alayne Cheyne our bed of camora, powdered with blue eagles."

Bed of Edward III.

His widow, in 1385, gives "to my dear son, the King (Richard the Second), my new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves issuing out of their mouths. To my dear son Thomas, Earl of Kent, my bed of camak pied with red and rays of gold: to my dear son John Holland a bed of red camak."

Richard II.

In 1368, Robert, Earl of Suffolk, bequeaths his "bed with the eagles."

Sir Walter Manney, in 1371, "all my beds and dossers (dossers were put at the backs of chairs and tables) excepting my folding bed, paly of blue and red."

Edmund, Earl of March, in 1380, leaves by will "our large bed of black satin, embroidered with white lions and gold roses, with escutcheons of the arms of Mortimer and Ulster."

Earl of March.

Margaret, Countess of Devon, in 1391, to her son Peter, "my bed of red and green paly silk."

Richard, Earl of Arundel, who died wealthy, possessed of seven beds and a huge family, having been twice married, in 1392 left to his wife Phillipa, "a blue bed marked with my arms and

the arms of my late wife, also the hangings which were lately made in London of blue tapestry with red roses with the arms of my sons, the Earl Marshall, Lord Charlton, and Mons. Willm. Beauchamp; to my son Richard, a standing bed called Clove: also a bed of silk, embroidered with arms of Arundel and Warren: also to my said son the state bed and embroidered hangings with the arms of Arundel and Warren quarterly. To my dear son Thomas, my blue bed of silk, embroidered with griffins. To my daughter Charlton my bed of red silk. To my daughter Margaret my blue bed."

Seven beds of the Earl Arundel.

Sir John Cobham bequeaths in 1394 "a red bed embroidered with lions, also a bed of Norwich stuff embroidered with butterflies."

Alice, Lady West, in 1395, "a bed paled black and white" and "a bed of tapiters work."

Paled or paly is the heraldic term for vertical, meaning equal alternate stripes.

Duke of Lancaster

John, Duke of Lancaster, in 1397 disposes of "my large bed of black velvet embroidered with a circle of fetter-locks (the badge of the house of Lancaster) and garters, and the beds made for my

body called trussing bed, my white bed of silk with blue eagles displayed."

Thomas, Earl of Warwick, in 1400, wills "a bed of silk embroidered with bears and my arms —with all thereto appertaining."

In 1411, Joanne, Lady Hungerford, leaves "a green bed embroidered with one greyhound."

In 1415 Edward, Duke of York, "my bed furniture, and all appertaining to the same: including my white and red tapestry of garters, fetter-locks and falcons" (badge of the house of York). *Duke of York.*

Camak was a fabric woven of fine silk and camel's hair, pied meaning spotted.

Tapiter means tapestry.

I have not tried to preserve the quaint original spelling of these delightful old wills—nor could I possibly publish all the copies that I have, or data I have secured on the subject, which covers a large collection; however, the following is particularly interesting.

John Washington, of Westmoreland Co., Virginia, left to his daughters his mahogany bedstead with "the white quilt and the white curtains and

petticoat vallance." Mary Washington left to her son, General George Washington, her "best Virginia bedstead with the embroidered cloth curtains and a quilted blue and white coverlid"; and to her granddaughter, Polly Carter, "the bedstead draped with purple curtains and covered with a white counterpane." Virginia bedstead meant one made in Virginia from imported or native wood, and this is the bed still to be found in Mount Vernon.

The Washington family

In 1799 this was a famous riddle:

"Fram'd long ago, yet made to day,
I'm most in use while others sleep;
What few would wish to give away,
But fewer still would wish to keep."

(Bed.)

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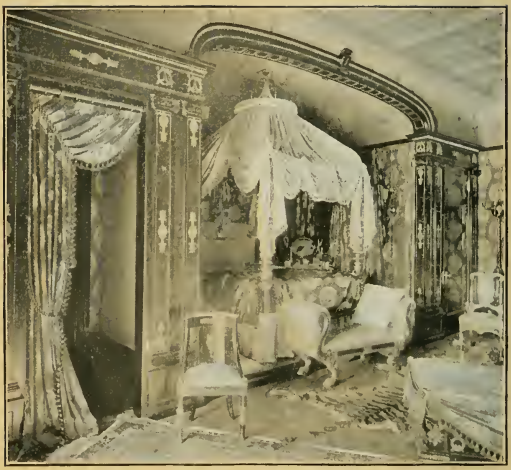


AN "EMPIRE" BED. A FINE EXAMPLE OF LATE PERIOD, OWNED BY MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN

DREAMS.

HEN we are in good health, our dreams will be normal, and the outcome possible. Sane, natural dreams, which will add color to our sleep, without interrupting its progress or disturbing its serenity. Of course the reverse happens should our physical condition be impaired.

Dreams of the philosopher are always optimistic. They never partake of disturbed elements. A cheerful spirit accepts the result calmly and hopefully, or dispels any fear as to the outcome of certain projects and hopes—projects and hopes born in the real world of our yesterdays, or the world of our connected dreams.

Philosopher vs. pessimist.

Dreams of the pessimist, to the contrary, are full of vain imaginings. Characteristics cannot be shaken off with the coming of "tired nature." The awakening is a haze of unrest—and naturally a depleted mental and physical equipment for the day's work.

Dreams mysterious.

Mystery, never satisfying, but always fascinating, has ever dominated our days and dreams, time out of mind. Who can tell a connected story of a mysterious vision? No one can describe clearly the subtle effect it has had upon him? In the everyday of life it will always remain as something which seldom seriously affects or directs our own affairs. In dreams, it has the same effect upon us, for mysterious dreams are generally the result of some physical or mental disorder, and thus do not count in predicting events.

Spiritual

The Spirituality of Sleep, a mind in love with God, man, nature—possessing Heaven's highest health—will sleep the sleep, and dream the dreams the Creator prepared for him. Living for others by day, dreaming for others by night, is it any wonder that out of the dreams of these dreamers have come those interpretations of life which have furnished much of the inspiration that has led others along the perfect paths of peace and love.

THE POETRY OF SLEEP.

OPE has said somewhere—that he could not sleep without a poem in his head, and elsewhere observed, with some inconsistency, that verses throng into his mind and keep him awake in spite of the drowsy influence of lettuce. It seems probable that poets, as a rule, have suffered a good deal from the infliction of conflicting thoughts which banished slumber.

The poet Pope.

Sleep needs no eulogy from the poets, for the most prosaic of us have felt at times something akin to poetry in the different aspects the "drowsy god" has assumed when we have been cast in the ways of the mysterious and sublime.

The poets, who are the best interpreters of all life, have voiced for us not only the mission of sleep, but also all of its subtle moods and faint whisperings.

Homer, who is among the first to write on sleep, says, in the Fourteenth Book of the Iliad:

"Sleep; King of all the gods and of all mortals, hearken now, prithee, to my word; and if ever before thou didst listen, obey me now, and I will be grateful to thee all my days."

There is something delicate and caressing in the epithets which Homer and the other Greek poets have applied to sleep.

Homer.

"Then fell, delicious upon his eyelids, sleep unbroken, the sweetest of all."

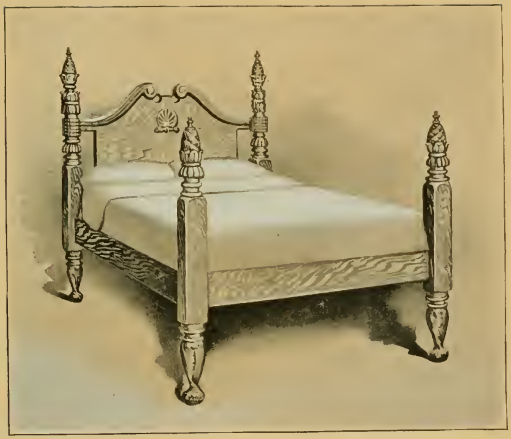
Here the thought of Homer is linked with that of Socrates, who observes that men's happiest moments are passed in sleep so sound that consciousness is utterly lost and undisturbed even by dreams.

Evidently the Greeks did not suffer much from insomnia. Nerves were hardly known, for people then lived almost entirely in the open.

The Greek poets.

The Greek poets thought of sleep as the natural and pleasant diversion of freeness in the summer noons, when the citizens would leave the towns to lie on grass "more soft than slumber," within hearing of rippling waters and buzzing bees in the lime trees.

The poets of other days were obliged to sim-



AN EARLY COLONIAL LOW POST BED OF AMERICAN MAKE

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ulate a want of sleep, whether they felt it or not. It was part of their poetic machinery to begin a poem by pretending that, after long lying sleepless, they arose and wandered into a wood, where they met many a fairy vision.

No poet of that age, however, has described the phenomena of a coy and hesitating sleep more intimately than the old French writer, Pontus de Tyard. He likens sleep to the lord of all the army of phantoms that flit before the drowsy, but not yet unconscious brain, and appear to be dreams in waking.

Pontus de Tyard.

"Come, Sleep, and cast thy wings about my head,
And thine own temples shall be garlanded,
With drowsy poppy leaves and labdanum."

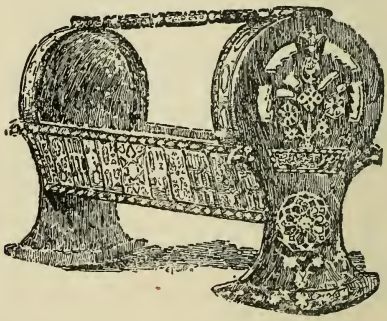
Since then, while some of the poetry of sleep has been unimportant and trivial, there still remains much that is worth while—many messages of uplift and beauty.

Little wonder is it, then, that a subject so vital, so beautiful, and so mysterious has appealed to the poets. The great wonder is that Sleep, possessing as it does such universal interest for mankind, has not been marked in its poetical

literature, many a time ere this, for the immortality of a book.

Character of the poetry.

The poems selected herewith are of such a high character—some of them ranking as the authors' masterpieces—that the editor of this volume feels that his readers will appreciate their appearance and assemblage in a place apart.



A MOORISH CRADLE INLAID WITH IVORY AND PEARL.

The Poetry of Sleep

Shakespeare on Sleep.

Henry IV

"HOW many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why, rather, Sleep, liest though in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?

Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Queen Margaret of Richard III

"No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!"

"To die,—to sleep,—

Hamlet

No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

Julius Cæsar

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."

Brutus

"I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly."
"Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter:
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,

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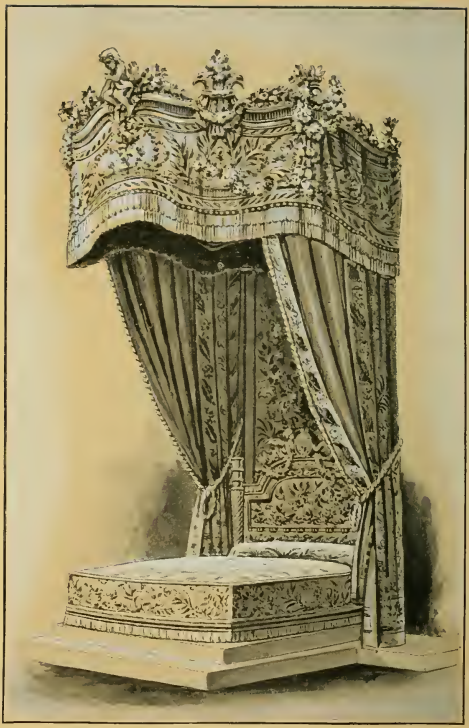

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH BED OF MARIE ANTOINETTE WITH ITS MAGNIFICENT HANGINGS

Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound."
"Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept."

"Sleep shall neither, night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid:
He shall live a man forbid." *The Witch, in Macbeth*

"Not poppy, nor mandragora, *Iago*
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more! *Macbeth*
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

* * * * * *

"With him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights."

"Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee *Lady Percy to Hotspur in Henry IV*
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?"

MEDIÆVAL BED OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY
STYLE KNOWN AS FRENCH GOTHIC

SONNETS ON SLEEP.

Sonnet.

WEARY with toil I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind when body's work's expired ;
For then my thoughts (from afar where I abide)
Intend a jealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see,
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo ! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Sleeplessness.

GIRT in dark growths, yet glimmering with one star,
O night desirous, as the nights of youth!
Why should my heart within thy spell, forsooth,
Now beat, as the bride's finger-pulses are
Quickened within the girdling golden bar?
What wings are these that fan my pillow smooth?
And why does Sleep, waved back by Joy and Ruth,
Tread softly round and gaze at me from far?
Nay, night deep-leaved! And would Love feign in thee
Some shadowy palpitating grove that bears
Rest for man's eyes and music for his ears?
O lonely night! art thou not known to me,
A thicket hung with masks of mockery
And watered with the wasteful warmth of tears?

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Sleep.

CARE-CHARMER, Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advisèd youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

—SAMUEL DANIEL.

The World's Prayer.

NOW I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.

—ANONYMOUS.

Invocation to Sleep.

LOCK up, fair lids, the treasure of my heart,
Preserve those beams, this age's only light;
To her sweet sense, sweet Sleep, some ease impart,
Her sense too weak to bear her Spirit's might,
And while, O Sleep, thou closest up her sight!
Her sight, where Love did forge his fairest dart,—
O harbor all her parts in easeful plight;
Let no strange dream make her fair body start;
But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart
In this rare subject from thy common right,
But wilt thyself in such a seat delight;
Then take my shape and play a lover's part,
Kiss her from me, and say unto her sprite,
'Till her eyes shine, I live in darkest night.

—Sir Philip Sidney.

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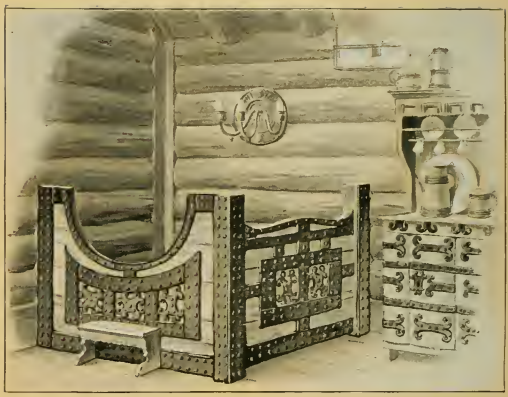


A SCANDINAVIAN SLEEPING PLACE DATING FROM THE EARLY 17TH CENTURY
SEVERAL FEATHER BEDS WERE PILED THEREIN

Sonnet to Sleep.

O SOFT embalmer of the still midnight,
Shutting with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen, ere the poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities;
Then save me, or the passed day will shine,
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes,—
Save me from envious conscience, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed casket of my soul.

—KEATS.

To a Girl Asleep.

IF Sleep who holds thee in his arms, could wake
And view thee wrapped within thine own caress,
Not all the promises that dreams could make
Would woo him back into unconsciousness.
For Sleep would feed his liberated eyes
Upon thy white enchantment evermore,
Choosing to touch thee in that daintier wise
Rather than fold thee blindly, as before.
Yet should his lids, unwonted to the day,
Close, in despite of his enraptured will,
Methinks ere silence fell his lips would say;
"Daughter of beauty, stay beside me still;
For nowhere else canst thou so perfect be
As when thy bloom is sanctified by me."

—ALBERT EDMUND LANCASTER.

[By permission of the author.]

To Sleep.

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;
The very sweetest Fancy culls or frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!
Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost steep
In rich reward all suffering; Balm that tames
All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,
I surely not a man ungently made,
Call thee worst Tyrant by which flesh is crost?
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

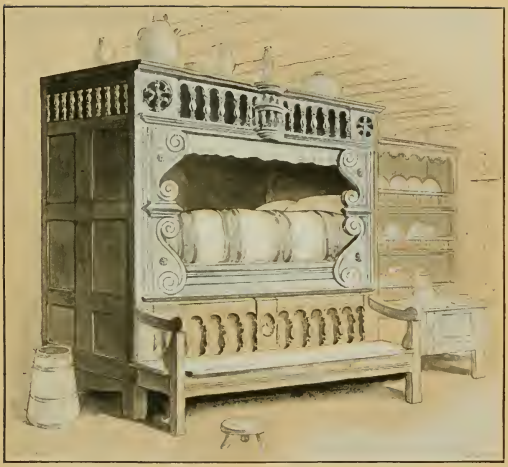
—WORDSWORTH.

Sleep's Conquest.

INVISIBLE armies come, we know not whence,
And like a still, insinuating tide
Encompass us about on every side,
Imprisoning each weary outpost sense,
Till thought is taken, sleeping in his tents!
Yet now the conqueror with lofty pride
Becomes our guardian, with us doth abide
And plans all night our wondrous recompense.
He takes away the weary, worn-out day,
And brings to-morrow — bride without a stain;
Gives us fresh liberty, a chance to mend;
Life, hope and friends enhanced with fresh array.
Then when we fail he conquers us again,
Paroling us each day until the end.

—CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

[Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.]



A BRETON BED. THE SLEEPING PLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM. A MOVABLE ARTICLE AND A MOST EXCELLENT EXAMPLE

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Dream-Pedlary.

IF there were dreams to sell
What would you buy ?
Some cost a passing bell ;
Some a light sigh
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy ?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

But there were dreams to sell;
  Ill didst thou buy.
Life is a dream, they tell,
  Waking to die
Dreaming, a dream to prize,
Is wishing ghosts to rise;
And, if I had the spell
To call the buried well,
  Which one would I?

—Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

"She I Love."

SHE I love (alas, in vain!)
  Floats before my slumbering eyes:
When she comes she lulls my pain,
  When she goes, what pangs arise!
Thou whom love, whom memory flies,
  Gentle Sleep! prolong thy reign!
If even thus she soothes my sighs,
  Never let me wake again!

—Walter Savage Landor.

Abou Ben Adhem.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—Leigh Hunt.

The Poet's Dream.

ON a Poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aërial kisses
Of shapes that haunt Thought's wilderness.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be —
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living Man,
Nurslings of Immortality.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Song of the Night.

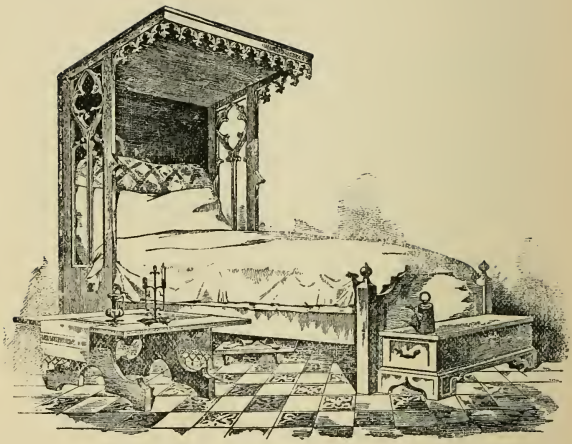
BREAK, Fant'sy, from thy care of cloud
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all the figures are allowed
And various shapes of things;
Create of fairy forms a stream,
It must have blood, but naught of fleam,
And though it be a waking dream,
Yet let it like an odor rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes
Or music in their ear.

—Ben Jonson.

Heartsease.

IN time of sorrow
We sleep to forget;
To wake on the morrow,
With a fond regret.

—M.



HOODED GOTHIC BEDSTEAD OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

A CURIOUSLY GRACEFUL VENETIAN WROUGHT IRON BED, WITH BEAUTIFUL OLD SILK DAMASK HANGINGS, FROM AN OLD PALACE

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Serenade.

STARS of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Oh, the Night.

OH, the Night, the Night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time!
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.
It bringeth sleep
To the forests deep,
The forest-bird to its nest;
To Care bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm of the weary—rest!

—BARRY CORNWALL.

Oblivion.

THE crowd are gone, the Revelers at rest;
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
Again to that accustom'd couch must creep,
Where Joy subsides, and Sorrow sighs to sleep,
And man o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of Life:
There lie Love's feverish hope, and Cunning's guile;
Hate's working brain, and lull'd Ambition's wile:
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.
What better name may Slumber's bed become?
Night's Sepulchre, the universal Home,
Where Weakness, Strength, Vice, Virtue, sunk supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline;
Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,
That Sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

—Byron.

The Sleep.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,—
Now tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth His belovèd sleep."?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,—
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep;
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,—
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth His belovèd sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep;
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
"He giveth His belovèd sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away

Sad dreams that thro' the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth His belovèd sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noise!
O men, with wailing in your voice!
O delvèd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence thro' you all,
And "giveth His belovèd sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His belovèd sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees thro' tears the jugglers leap,—
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who "giveth His belovèd sleep."

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

In the Night.

GOD give me sleep—the night is worn away;
Soon from the East will come relentless Day—
Day, that will summon me to strive again
With strong, resourceful, eager, selfish men.
I, with spent nerves and brain long robbed of rest,
Must face the fight they enter on with zest.
Fame, fortune, all is staked! How shall I keep
My foothold? Help me, O thrice-blessed Sleep!

Under the spell of women and of wine
Youth thrusts you rudely by, O Sleep divine!
The children whimper, forced to leave their play
And wait your coming, at the close of day;
The student, heavy-lidded, from his quest
Turns with a scowl to his unwelcome guest;
The hind you solace counts your blessing cheap
I, who invite you, wait in vain, O Sleep!

I toss upon my pillow; I arise
To pace the floor and bathe my burning eyes.
To every sound my straining ear is quick;
I hear the hall-clock's dull, majestic tick;
I hear the mice that scamper in the wall;

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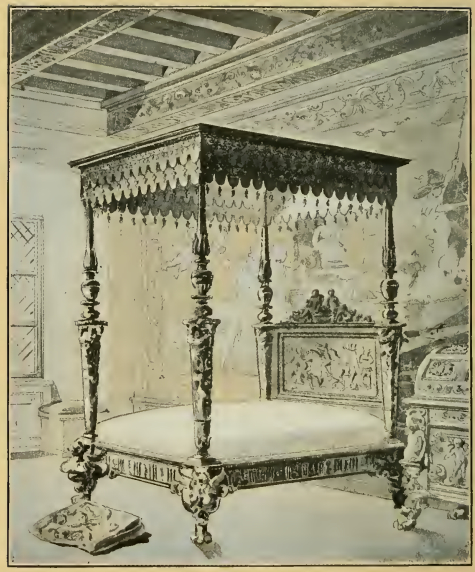

AN ITALIAN CARVED OAK FOUR-POST BED OF THE 16TH CENTURY
UNUSUAL FORM OF POSTS AND BASE

And somewhere water drips—I hear it fall.
A cock crows shrilly, and the clock strikes four.
Day, maddening Day, will soon be here once more.

I pause beside my baby boy's white bed.
What happy dreams sweep through that little head!
He plucks the nodding flowers, and he sees
Birds on the wing, and hears the drone of bees;
While in my ears still dins the roar of trade—
Gross facts and figures face me, unafraid;
My whirling brain spins on through problems deep.
God give me sleep—one short, sweet hour of sleep!

Who was that Florentine, by Vigil led
Into the Underworld—whose fancy bred
That horrid Hell? Great Dante! Did he write
As one who knew the torments of the night?
Lord of the Darkness, Master of the Sun,
Strip me of all my strenuous life has won,
But let Sleep's sweet oblivion o'er me sweep,
Closing Night's leering eyes—oh, give me sleep!

—Town Topics.

Sleep.

SOMNUS—or Morpheus was his name?
I have forgot—I cannot keep
My schoolboy learning: as it came,
It went—I mean the god of Sleep.

That god and I were once fast friends,
But now his face I seldom see;
More oft the blessed rain descends
In Egypt, than his dews on me.

Ah me! The joy I had in dreams—
The nightly comfort to forget—
Is mine no more; the morning beams
On eyes like faded asters, wet:

Yes, moistened oft with poisonous tears,
Till the burnt lashes look so few,
You might suppose that three score years
Were mine instead of thirty-two:

Well, I can wait a little more,
A little longer wake and weep,
Until the welcome grave restore
The bliss of an unbroken sleep.

Let me remember Him that while
His tired disciples round him slept—
(The sinless born, that knew no guile !)—
Watched in Gethsemane and wept.

—Thomas W. Parsons.

[By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Night Thoughts.

TIRED Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !
He like the world his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes.
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe
And lights on lids unsully'd with a tear.

* * * * *

Man's rich restorative his balmy bath
That supplies, lubricates and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine;
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tired with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn,
Fresh we spin on till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.

—Young.

The Long Day Closes.

NO star is o'er the lake
Its pale watch keeping;
The moon is half awake,
Through gray mist creeping;
The last red leaves fall round
The porch of roses!
The clock hath ceased to sound:
The long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth,
In calm endeavor
To count the sounds of mirth
Now dumb forever.
Heed not how hope believes,
And fate disposes:
Shadow is round the eaves,
The long day closes.

The lighted windows dim
Are fading slowly;
The fire that was so trim
Now quivers lowly.

L'ART NOUVEAU BED, SHOWING PART OF THE INTERIOR OF A MODERN VIENNESE BED ROOM

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Go to the dreamless bed
  Where grief reposes;
The book of toil is read,
  The long day closes.

—Anonymous.

Sleep.

O HAPPY Sleep! that bear'st upon thy breast
  The blood-red poppy of enchanting rest,
Draw near me through the stillness of this place
And let thy low breath move across my face,
As faint winds move above a poplar's crest.
  O, happy Sleep!

There is no sorrow hidden or confess'd,
There is no passion uttered or suppress'd,
Thou can'st not for a little while efface;
Enfold me in thy mystical embrace,
Thou sovereign gift of God, most sweet, most blest.
  O, happy Sleep!

—Ada Louise Martin.

Come, Sleep.

COME, gentlest Sleep; the hour is hushed and holy,
Night and her stars their solemn courses keep;
In every breast but mine the heart beats slowly—
The gates are shut, the curtains drawn:
Come, Sleep!

Come, Sleep, and take my soul out of this dwelling
Whose guarded chambers yield to none but thee;
Time's troubled waves, in restless currents swelling,
Pause on the white brink of eternity.

Come, Sleep, oh, come in drowsy silence stealing;
Soft as the snow falls, o'er my eyelids creep;
Bright heaven of dreams, bright source of strength and healing,
Sweet gate of life, sweet type of death—
Come, Sleep!

—Dora Read Goodale,
In Lippincotts' Magazine.

[By permission of the Author.]

Sleep.

WHEN the evening shadows creep
Stealthily,
Hiding every hill and dale,
Hiding all things with their veil;
When the shining day doth die,
Sweet is Sleep.

When the evening shadows creep
Stealthily,
To the baby in her nest,
Longing for her quiet rest,
Hushed by loving lullaby,
Sweet is Sleep.

When the evening shadows creep
Stealthily,
To the weary heart and brain
Bringing tranquil peace again;
All our cares and sorrows fly,—
Sweet is sleep.

—DORA READ GOODALE.

[By courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

To a Lady Sleeping.

O THOU, whose fringéd lids I gaze upon,
Through whose dim brain the wingéd dreams are borne,
Unroof the shrines of clearest vision,
In honor of the silver fleckéd morn;
Long hath the white wave of the virgin light
Driven back the billow of the dreamful dark.
Thou all unwittingly prolongest night,
Though long ago listening the poiséd lark,
With eyes dropt downward through the blue serene,
Over heaven's parapet the angels lean.

—Alfred Tennyson.

The Peace of the Rain.

BE still, be still, tired world, and go to sleep.
The dusk is growing deep.
Far off and dim beneath the shadowed skies
Long, grassy foot-hills rise,
And fold on fold above their shoulders brown
Gray mists are closing down,

Drawn low and wide with interweaving lines
Beneath the purple pines.
Lower and lower still the soft clouds creep
(Be still and go to sleep),
By pebbled beach and poplars trembling gray—
Faint now and far away—
Fold after fold, vail after vail, until
They blot out plain and hill
As temple curtains drawn from sky to sod
To shut thee in with God.

Oh, dearer far than sun on hill and plain
Peace of the night and rain;
Unto earth's weariness most sweet, most blest,
Infinite balm of rest.
On sky and stream the darkness closes deep.
Be still and go to sleep.

—Mabel Earle,
In Lippincotts Magazine.

[By permission of the Author].

Lines

On seeing my wife and two children sleeping in the same chamber.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of love!
All that my God can give me, or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.
Sweet that in this small compass I behove
To live their living, and to breathe their breath!
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life.

—THOMAS HOOD.

To a Friend who has Slept Ill.

HOW hast thou angered into stern disdain
That mild compassionate god round whose bowed head
The clustering poppies droop their drowsy red—

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AN EXQUISITELY QUAINT EARLY NORWEGIAN BED, MOST DISTINCTIVE IN EVERY DETAIL

Somnus, that walks the world from twilight's wane
All the long night till day be born again,
While after him a shadowy legion streams—
The pale diaphanous floating forms of dreams?

He kisses brows that ache from earthly care;
He soothes to peace the indignant souls of slaves;
O'er many an eye grown tired he waves
Those rich-dyed languid flowers that his hands bear;
And yet for thee no tender spell doth spare,
O, Friend that liest awake and hearest night
Flow on past banks of time in stealthy might.

Ah, would that I who'm loved right well of sleep,
Might make fond intercession, friend, for thee,
Each night when some shy dream should visit me.
In the dusk halls of slumber, vague and deep;
Both the dream's dim hands would I seize and keep,
Praying with her to speed with tender charms,
And wreathe about my neck two balmy arms!

—Edgar Fawcett.

[By courtesy of Harper & Brothers.]

The Sleeping Beauty.

YEAR after year unto her feet,
She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purpled coverlet,
The maiden's jet black hair has grown,
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl:
The slumberous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mold
Languidly ever; and amid
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd,
Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm
With bracelets of the diamond bright:
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmed heart.

She sleeps: on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

—Alfred Tennyson.

Sleep.

O SLEEP, we are beholden to thee sleep,
Thou bearest angels to us in the night,
Saints out of heaven with palms. Seen by
the light
Sorrow is some old tale that goeth not deep;
Love is a pouting child.

* * * * *

Sleep in the world to come how strange 'twill be
Never to want, never to wish for thee!

—Jean Ingelow.

Curfew.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

—LONGFELLOW.

[By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

When Allah Sends the Gift of Sleep.

WHEN Allah sends the gift of sleep,
The stars come out of unknown skies;
The moon a crescent gloried deep,
Against the far horizon lies.

The earth is made a shadowy place,
And strange are once familiar ways,
With haunting likeness of the grace
That crowned the radiant yesterdays.

Time floats his barque on placid streams,
His sickle is a silver wand
That wafts the pleasant land of dreams
From out the drowsy space beyond.

Beneath the folded wings of day,
Care with her restless brood, would creep,
And night's spread pinions hold calm sway
When Allah sends the gift of sleep.

—Mary A. Mason.

[Permission of Harper & Brothers.]

Insomnia.

THIN are the night-skirts left behind
By daybreak hours that onward creep;
And thin, alas! the shred of sleep
That wavers with the spirit's wind:
But in half-dreams that shift and roll
And still remember and forget,
My soul this hour has drawn your soul
A little nearer yet.

Our lives, most dear, are never near,
Our thoughts are never far apart,
Though all that draws us heart to heart
Seems fainter now, and now more clear.
To-night Love claims his full control,
And with desire and with regret
My soul this hour has drawn your soul
A little nearer yet.

Is there a home where heavy earth
Melts to bright air that breathes no pain,
Where water leaves no thirst again,
And springing fire is Love's new birth?

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ODD OLD SWISS CHALET BED—ALMOST GOTHIC IN STYLE

If faith long bound to one true goal
May there at length its hope beget,
My soul that hour shall draw your soul
Forever nearer yet.

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Love Asleep.

WE reached the grove's deep shadows and there found
Cythera's son in sleep's sweet fetters bound;
Looking like ruddy apples on their tree;
No quiver and no bended bow had he;
These were suspended on a leafy spray.
Himself in cups of roses cradled lay,
Smiling in sleep; while from their flight in air,
The brown bees to his soft lips made repair,
To ply their waxen task and leave their honey there.

—Lord Neaves.

[From "Greek Poets in English Verse." Permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Sleep.

SLEEP is no servant of the will,
It has caprices of its own;
When most pursued, 'tis swiftly gone;
When courted least, it lingers still.
With its vagaries long perplexed,
I turned and turned my restless sconce,
Till, one bright night, I thought at once
I'd master it;—so hear my text!

When sleep will tarry I begin
My long and my accustomed prayer;
And in a twinkling sleep is there,
Through my old curtains peeping in;
When sleep hangs heavy on my eyes,
I think of debts I fain would pay;
And then, as flies night's shade from day,
Sleep from my heavy eyelids flies.

And thus controlled, the winged one bends
E'en his fantastic will to me;
And, strange yet true, both I and he
Are friends,—the very best of friends:

We are a happy, wedded pair,
And I the lord and he the dame;
Our bed, our board, our hours the same;
And we're united everywhere.

I'll tell you where I learned to school
This wayward sleep: — a whispered word
From a church-going hag I heard,—
And tried it,— for I was no fool.
So from that very hour I knew,
That having ready prayers to pray,
And having many debts to pay,
Will serve for sleep and waking too.

—From the Spanish.

Night Thought.

PLACE a rose near thy bed,
Nightly sentry to keep,
And angels shall rock thee
On roses to sleep.

—From the German.

Sleep.

OH! thou best comforter of that sad heart
Whom Fortune's spite assails; come, gentle Sleep,
The weary mourner soothe! For well the art
Though knowest in soft forgetfulness to steep
The eyes which sorrow taught to watch and weep;
Let blissful visions now her spirits cheer,
Or lull her cares to peace in slumbers deep,
'Till, from fatigue refresh'd and anxious fear,
Hope, like the morning-star, once more shall reappear.

—Mrs. Tighe

Sleep.

SUBTLE softness soulward stealing,
Sleep! sweet saviour, still serene,
Silent, soothing, sorrow-sealing,
Sombre shadow, sad, severe.

—Francis Saltus Saltus.

THE WONDERFUL GOTHIC BED SAID TO BELONG TO FOULQUE NERRA COUNT OF ANJOU, WHO DIED IN 1129, BUT PROBABLY MADE 200 YEARS LATER

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Lullaby on an Infant Chief.

OH, hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby, the time will soon come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

—SCOTT.

A Child's Evensong.

THE sun is weary, for he ran
So far and fast to-day;
The birds are weary, for who sang
So many songs as they?
The bees and butterflies at last
Are tired out, for just think, too,
How many gardens through the day
Their little wings have fluttered through.
And so, as all tired people do,
They've gone to lay their sleepy heads
Deep, deep in warm and happy beds.
The sun has shut his golden eye
And gone to sleep beneath the sky,
The birds and butterflies and bees
Have all crept into flowers and trees,
And all lie quiet, still as mice,
Till morning comes—like father's voice.

So Geoffrey, Owen, Phyllis, you
Must sleep away till morning too.
Close little eyes, down little heads,
And sleep—sleep—sleep in happy beds.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

The Child Asleep.

(VERSLETS À MON PREMIER NÉ.)

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed.
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
'Tis sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

* * * * *

Sweet error! he but slept, I breathe again;
Come, gentle dreams, the hours of sleep beguile!
O, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

—Translation of LONGFELLOW.
From the French of Clotilde de Surville.

[By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

The Sandman.

I KNOW a man
With face of tan,
But who is ever kind;
Whom girls and boys
Leave games and toys
Each eventide to find.

When day grows dim,
They watch for him.
He comes to place his claim;
He wears the crown
Of Dreaming town;
The Sandman is his name.

When sparkling eyes
Droop sleepywise
And busy lips grow dumb;
When little heads
Nod toward the beds,
We know the Sandman's come.

—*Chicago Daily News.*

A Cradle Hymn.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought him, there they found him
With his Virgin Mother by.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days:
Then go dwell forever near him;
See his face and sing his praise.

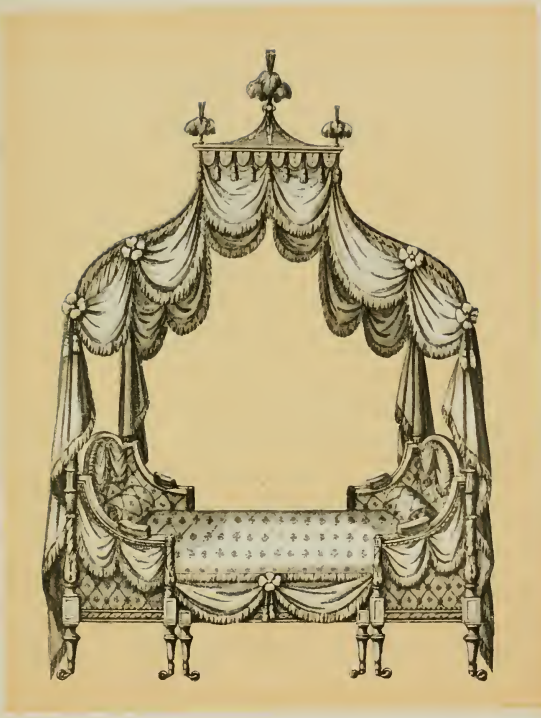
I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire:
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

—Isaac Watts.

A Mother's Song.

OH, come now, my darling,
And lie on my breast,
For that's the soft pillow
My baby loves best:
Peace rests on thine eyelids,
As sweetly they close,
And thoughts of to-morrow
Ne'er break thy repose.
What dreams in thy slumber,
Dear baby, are thine?
Thy sweet lips are smiling,
When pressed thus to mine.
All lovely and guileless
Thou sleepest in joy,
And Heaven watches over my beautiful boy.
Oh, would thus that ever
My darling might smile,
And still be a baby
My grief to beguile;
But hope whispers sweetly,
"Ne'er broken shall be
The tie that unites my sweet baby to me."

—Alexander Smart.



A FRENCH "LIT DE REPOSE" OF THE 18TH CENTURY ARRANGED WITH TRUNDLE OR "PULL OUT" FOR THEIR "COUCHÉE" (BED RECEPTION)

Sweet and Low.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the summer sea ;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one,
While my pretty one,
Sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest ;
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest on mother's breast ;
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,—
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon !
Sleep, my little one ;
Sleep my pretty one,
Sleep.

—TENNYSON.

The Castles of Drowsy Town.

AWAY in the castles of Drowsy Town
The lights are twinkling high,
The fays are pulling the curtains down
And the winds are wandering by.

The Giant Night in his robe of dusk
Is coming over the hills,
Bringing an odor of rose and musk
And a ripple of distant rills.

This black man is as high as the sky,
And his eyes shoot starry gleams,
And his pockets are ready to burst, well nigh,
With bundles of children's dreams.

He moves with a soft mysterious tread,
Thro' the scented dusk and damp,
And he carries the moon upon his head,
As a miner carries a lamp.

And straight for my little ones cometh he
When twilight is dropping down,
And bears them swiftly away from me
To the borders of Drowsy Town.

Oh ! the gates are open on ev'ry side,
And the children are trooping in,
With dainty cap strings cunningly tied
Right under each dimpled chin.

And the fairies gently tuck them away,
In hammocks of lilies and down,
And there they sleepily swing and sway,
In mystical Drowsy Town.

Then the Giant Night in his robe of grey,
Departs for a scene of mirth,
Where brown little Chinese children play,
On the other side of the earth.

So farewell to the castles of Drowsy Town,
And farewell to each winsome fay,
By heath and hill, by dale and down
The children are hasting away.

—Carrie Shaw Rice.

[By permission of the Author.]

Nurse's Song.

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are covered with sheep."
Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed,—
The little one's leap'd, and shouted, and laugh'd—
And all the hills echoèd.

—William Blake.

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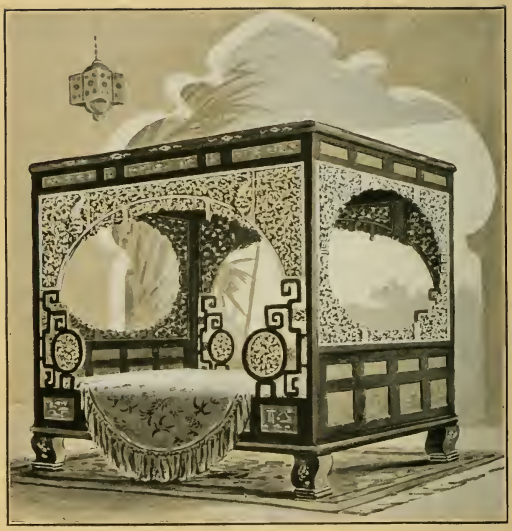

ANCIENT IMPERIAL CHINESE BED, CARVED AND LACQUERED, SENT BY THAT GOVERNMENT TO THE LAST PARIS EXPOSITION AND RETURNED TO PEKIN

Bye, Baby, Bye.

THE sun has gone from the shining skies,
Bye, baby, bye,
The dandelions have closed their eyes,
Bye, baby, bye,
And the stars are lighting their lamps to see
If the babies and squirrels and birds all three
Are fast asleep as they ought to be;—
Bye, baby, bye.

The squirrel's nest is a hole in the tree,
Bye, baby, bye,
And there he sleeps as snug as can be,
Bye, baby, bye,
The robin's nest is high overhead
Where the leafy boughs of the maple spread,
But the baby's nest is a white little bed:—
Bye, baby, bye.

—ANONYMOUS.

Shoheen Sho.

(IRISH CRADLE SONG.)

I'LL put you myself, my baby ! to slumber,
Not as is done by the clownish number,
A yellow blanket and coarse sheet bringing,
But in golden cradle that's softly swinging—
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonny baby !
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonny baby !

Slumber, my babe ! may the sweet sleep woo you,
And from your slumbers may health come to you !
May bright dreams come and come no other,
And I be never a childless mother —
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonny baby,
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby.

"Sleep, Baby, Sleep."

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess
The bright moon is the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

—From the German.
By ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

The Happy Child.

TOYS, and treats, and pleasures pass,
Like a shadow in the glass,
Like the smoke that mounts on high,
Like a noonday's butterfly.

Mother, fold me to your knees!
How much should I care for these
Little joys that come and go
If you did not love me so?

Father, now my prayer is said,
Lay your hand upon my head!
Pleasures pass from day to day,
But I know that love will stay.

While I sleep it will be near;
I shall wake and find it here;
I shall feel it in the air,
When I say my morning prayer.

And when things are sad or wrong;
Then I know that love is strong;
When I ache, or when I weep,
Then I know that love is deep.

Love is old and love is new,
You love me and I love you;
And the Lord who made it thus,
Did it in his love for us.

—William Brighty Rand.

Good Night.

REST, dear one, in slumber light;
Daylight now is slowly dying,
And the wind is softly sighing,
Bringing dreams so sweet and bright.
Good night, good night.

May thy heart forget its pain
All its sighs and troubled longing,
All the cares around it thronging,
Till it rests in peace again.
Good night, good night

Rest until the dawning day
Bids thee rise, new courage bringing;
And thy heart in praise is singing;
Fear not, God will watch alway.
Good-night, good-night.

—Alice Locke Pitman.

Cradle Song.

THE moonbeams through the window peep,
To see if babe's in bed;
My precious darling go to sleep,
He 'll watch keep o'er thy head.
Sleep, darling baby, sleep,
He watch o'er thee will keep.

The brook is murmuring soft and low,
Dew falls on hill and deep;
The birds to rest went long ago,
My precious darling, sleep.

The heather bells all faintly sound,
As moonbeams o'er them sweep;
The shadows nearer creep around,
My darling go to sleep.
May baby's dream be bright,
Sleep on till morning's light,
Good night, good night.

—From the German.
Translated by JOHN P. JACKSON.

Lullaby.

SLEEP, my little dearest one,
I will guard thy sleep,
Safely little nearest one,
I will hold thee deep
In the great unfathomed sea,
Where sweet dreams are made for thee.

Rest, my little baby dear,
I will watch thy rest,
Thou shalt feel the waters near,
Only on my breast;
In the strong and tender tide,
Still my love shall be thy guide.

—DOLLY RADFORD.

Sleepy Man.

WHEN the sleepy man comes with the dust on his eyes
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies.
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie.)

THE BEST POSSIBLE EXAMPLE OF THE EARLY COLONIAL HIGH POST BED, BEING THE ORIGINAL "VIRGINIA" BEDSTEAD OF MARY WASHINGTON

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He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
The stars that he loves he lets out one by one.
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie !)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy Town;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down.
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie !)

He comes with a murmur of dreams in his wings
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things.
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie !)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
When one would be faring down Dream-away Lane.
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie !)

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

[From Poems by the Author. By permission of the Author and his publishers, L. C. Page & Co.]

Cradle Song.

LULLABY, lullaby,
Baby must sleep;—
Now when the daylight dies,
Closed be the little eyes;
Rest till the sun arise;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Baby must sleep;—
Peaceful shall rest thy head;
Noiseless shall be the tread
Round our dear darling's bed,—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

—Samuel Burnham.

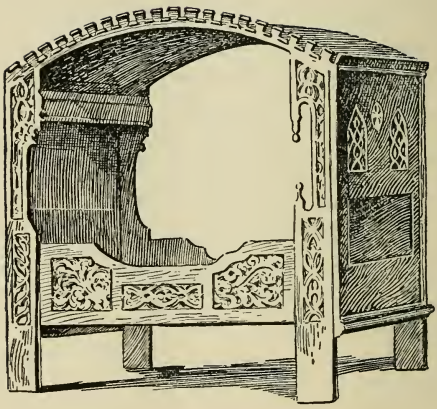
Slumber Song.

LITTLE eyes were made for sleeping,
Little heads were made for rest,
Golden locks were made for keeping
Close to mother's breast.

Little hands were made for folding,
Little lips should never sigh;
What dear Mother's arms are holding
Love alone can buy.

Gently fall the shadows gray,
Daylight softly, softly veiling,
Now to dreamland we'll away,—
Sailing, sailing, sailing.

—ARTHUR MACY.



ANCIENT GOTHIC BEDSTEAD WITH A RARELY FOUND ARCHED HOOD.

A REVIEW OF SLEEP.

LEEP is the period when an animal most resembles a vegetable in its functions of nutrition. In sleep an animal is mainly a constructive machine, reproducing all the parts which have been wasted during the day, and storing up force for use during the hours of wakefulness. *A simile*

The "morning hour," says a German proverb, "has gold in its mouth."

Voltaire says: "Whatever theory you adopt, whatever vain efforts you make to prove that your memory moves your brain, and that your brain moves your soul, you are obliged to admit that all your ideas come to you in sleep, independently of you and in spite of you—your will has no part in them whatever. It is certain that you may think seven or eight hours consecutively without having the least desire to think, without even being aware that you think." *Voltaire*

"It is while sleep steals gently o'er us"— in

the midway station or the half-way house between wide-awake activity and complete oblivion—that one is most apt, in benignant stupidity, to echo Sancho's blessing. Hence we can feelingly sympathize with the Connaught man who, with very intelligible irritation, complained that for *his* part he found no kind of pleasure in his bed; for the moment he was in it he was asleep, and the moment he awoke it was time to get up. The poor fellow was cruelly mulcted—thanks to his robust health and unjarred nervous system—of the agreeable train of sensations incident to sleep's incipient stage.

The man of Connaught

Twelve hundred millions of dreams make a network of wild fancies nightly about our planet. To go—if it were possible—through the world of sleep, would be a stranger process than that of exploring the whole waking world; for in sleep every living being is a poet, from the baby that clings in its dreams to the breasts of goddesses, to the centenarian who, with staff and spectacles, hobbles about Paradise at the beck of seraphs.

Fancies

Sleeping and waking are the great phenomena of our existence.

What is done and thought in the everyday working world, where the ordinary business of life is carried on, no living creature has ever fully revealed to another. There are reticences in the confession of the most frank, things which cannot and therefore never will be spoken—thoughts which transcend the limits of language—hopes so highly placed, the power of no fairy could satisfy, and fears so horrible that even Lucifer himself would fail to exaggerate. *Spiritual*

If this portion of our life, which is at least subject to our own observation, cannot be faithfully and fully described, still less can that other portion, which defies even our own scrutiny, converts us into mere spectators of ourselves, sets free our actions from the control of our will, and transforms us into so many passive spokes in the great wheel of destiny. *The wheel of destiny*

Whatever may be the laws by which it is regulated, sleep presents the counterpart of the working world—distorted, mutilated, thrown into irredeemable confusion by the mighty force of one's own imagination.

—ANONYMOUS.

HYGIENE OF SLEEP.

EPARATE beds, one for each person, are requisite. Double beds are an abomination. Personal contact, interrupts the function of sleep.

2. Where two are obliged to sleep in one room, two beds are an absolute necessity.

Some hints of import

3. Bedrooms occupied by two persons should be large and well ventilated.

4. To secure fresh air; open windows, both top and bottom—winter and summer.

5. Good deep breathing means a profound healthy sleep. This requires plenty of air.

6. Avoid direct draughts, no matter how hot the weather. Proper protection is necessary.

7. Lie low; expand the chest. Use one pillow only. Children need no pillow.

8. Relax. Lie on the right side. If unusual, "night school" yourself by practice.

9. Discard all under clothes worn during the day.

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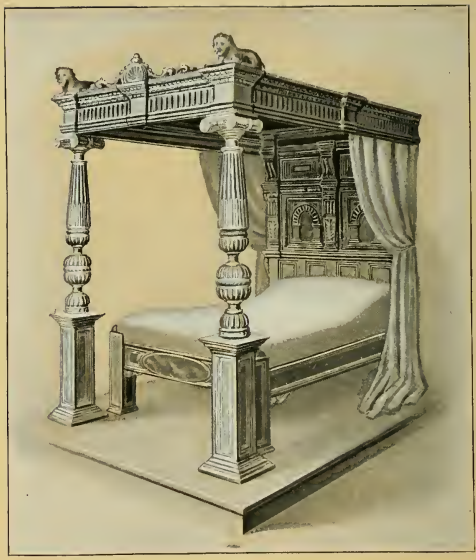


ENGLISH CARVED OAK BED THAT BELONGED TO THE DUCHESS OF KENT THE MOTHER OF QUEEN VICTORIA. PROBABLY ABOUT 1500

10. Have as little furniture or hangings as possible in the sleeping room.

11. Wood floors with small rugs are much preferable to carpets.

12. Metal bedsteads are better than wood.

13. Springs of woven wire, or, better still, evenly upholstered spirals are the proper thing.

14. That real sleep-aid, the mattress, should be pure, non-heating, and not animal fibre.

Well worth attention

15. Hair and feathers are too heating, unclean, and dangerous to health.

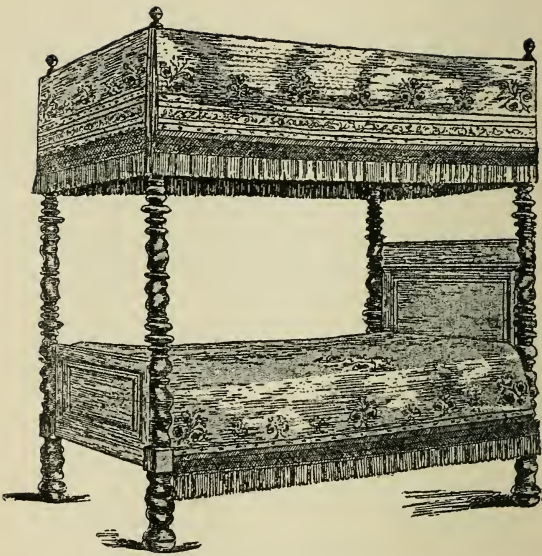
16. No light should burn in a bedroom, and all outside light should be excluded.

17. Heat is not needed while sleeping. If any is used, a grate fire is the best; it helps to make ventilation.

18. Doors should not be locked, except in cases of extreme danger.

19. Sun and air mattress, sheets and bedclothing daily.

20. Personal hygiene requires a tepid bath before retiring, and a good cold bath or plunge upon arising.



BLACK OAK BED MADE FROM AN OLD STAIRCASE AND WAINSCOT FOUND IN AN ENGLISH CASTLE

HOW ROYALTY SLEEPS.

HEN it comes to sleeping, there is no difference between him who wears a crown and an ordinary human being with but a weary head.

"E'en monarchs in their nightcaps own
A bed is better than a throne
— That's made to sit and sigh on,—
And well may all the world agree,
The poorest of the poor is he
Who has no bed to lie on."

Emperor William is a soldier even while he sleeps. He uses a regulation camp bed such as his officers use. The bedclothing is of the rough regimental pattern. He retires about eleven; rises and is dressed soon after five.

The sleep of kings

The Czar of Russia has great difficulty in obtaining a good night's rest. He is not what old-fashioned people call, "a lover of the bed." He dreads the night. His sleeping apartments are always brilliantly lighted. He often suffers from insomnia and makes frequent use of chloral.

A young queen

Queen Wilhelmina goes to bed about eleven and is up at seven. After rising she takes a stroll around the park and visits the royal stables. Her bedstead is of monumental size, broad enough for six and proportionately deep.

An old king

Leopold III., King of the Belgians, is an owl. Owing to his age he sleeps but meagerly and often spends half the night seeking amusement. He uses an ordinary bedstead without other luxury than a quilt of swan's down. He is a very "chilly" mortal.

The King of Italy cannot sleep except upon a hard bed. He dispenses with pillows; uses sheets of the very coarsest, and "sleeps like a top."

A boy king

The young King of Spain before he attained to the throne was a natural boy-sleeper. Wild horses could n't drag him out of bed before he was ready to arise. New authority has made him a restless being. It is whispered that he now tosses in his bed, talks in his sleep, inspecting imaginary armies and fleets. He is also given to concocting ideas to startle his subjects. When he awakes he is peevish, whimsical, eccentric and decidedly domineering.

The King of England is now a good sleeper. He has no fads, but sleeps according to the dictates of the royal physician, which are: fresh air, not too soft a mattress or too high a pillow, and long hours in bed. Late hours are practically a thing of the past with Albert Edward.

A new king

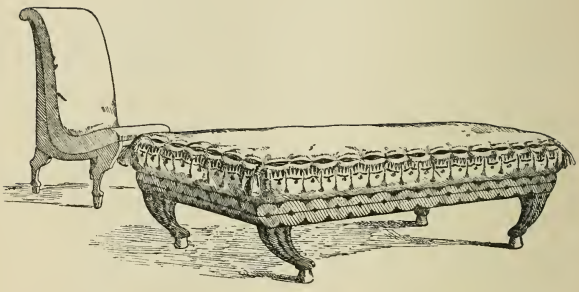
The Emperor of China is a "sleepy head." He puts in about twelve hours in the royal chamber; five hours in sleep and five dreaming—wondering—what will happen next. But the Empress, "there's the rub,"— she sleeps with "one eye open" and the other on a squint.

In name only

The Mikado of Japan is a short, light sleeper. His hours for slumber are from midnight to seven o'clock in the morning. At that hour he arises, hurries a light breakfast into him, then calls for his cabinet, which he keeps on the trot until late into the night.

King Oscar of Sweden is another "wide-awake." He is interested in everything pertaining to the welfare of his subjects all day. He sits up late, devoting the hours of night to intellectual society, reading, study and writing—for he is a writer of graceful prose and poetry.

The poet king



ROMAN COUCH BED, SHOWING LACED-IN CUSHION

MECHANICAL SLEEP.

HINGS employed to induce sleep have been many, although mechanical aids are comparatively new, and their permanent effectiveness has yet to be fully proven. A remarkable electric sleep-producer was devised some years ago by the late Surgeon General Hammond of the United States Army. It consisted of a battery cell, whose electrodes he applied to certain sympathetic nerves along the spinal column, with more or less temporary success.

Electric sleep helps

Recently European psychologists have asserted that sleep in the near future will be obtainable by the use of mechanical apparatus, instead of drugs. That's worth attention. Anything is that replaces that which soon becomes a habit so dangerous and blighting in its effects.

There are several most novel sleep-producing machines now entering the market. Among these is the "Vibrating Coronet," just invented by Dr. Gaiffe of Paris. It is made of three bands

Vibrating Coronet

of metal encircling the head. A branch strip extends to either of the eyelids, which, by the aid of a spring, it gently vibrates.

This instrument, also the Alouette, is used on his patients by the celebrated Dr. Berillon of Paris with some success.

The Alouette

The "Alouette," by Mathieu of Paris, has been used in several European cities. It is a mahogany box, inside of which is a clock-work carrying a series of ebony panels to which are attached little mirrors. With the aid of a small ray of light falling on these mirrors the eye of the patient is soon fatigued and sleep it is claimed, in consequence, ensues.

Another device is a miniature lighthouse, the light from which alternately appears and disappears, like the flashlight that guides mariners along our seacoast.

Quite a different kind is the "Fascinator." It is manufactured by Verdin, an instrument maker in Paris. It is a helmet similar in appearance to the "Vibrating Coronet."

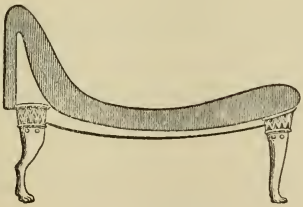
The Fascinator

When adjusted to the head it is tied by two straps meeting in the rear. A steel plate rests

horizontally across the forehead. From the center of this plate protrudes a small tube of steel, into whose end is inserted a flexible wire, tipped with a glistening nickeled ball about the size of a grape. By bending the wire the ball may be fixed at any angle above the eye. The gaze is concentrated upon it until fatigue alone closes the eyes in sleep.

Sleep through seeing too much

All of these sleep machines aim at the same result. They are based on the theory that any stimulus which fatigues the eyelids will induce drowsiness. Such fatigue is experienced by many who cannot long observe rapidly shifting panorama of scenery from the window of a train in motion without drowsily falling asleep.



EARLY EGYPTIAN BED.

AN INSPIRED SLEEPER.

HE Swedenborgian religion was born of a sleep,— the sleeper and dreamer Emanuel Swedenborg. It was Swedenborg, by the way, who made the beautiful remark:

"The Lord is particularly watchful over man during sleep."

Spirituality

Swedenborg was born in Stockholm, July 29, 1688, and died in London, March 29, 1772. The early part of his life was devoted to business, science and philosophy; the latter half—about thirty-six years—was consecrated to theology and spiritualism.

During this period he resolved to penetrate the body through its inmost recess, to the very seat of the soul. This line of thought developed into a diary, containing the record of a variety of dreams, visions and strange communings. Out of these grew the religion of Swedenborg and the development of the faith.

"POOR RICHARD"

AYS:—How much more time than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that—The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that—

There will be sleeping enough in the grave.

The sayings of Poor Richard

If time be of all things the most precious,—

Wasting of time must be the greatest prodigality.

Lost time can never be found again.

What we call time enough! always proves little enough.

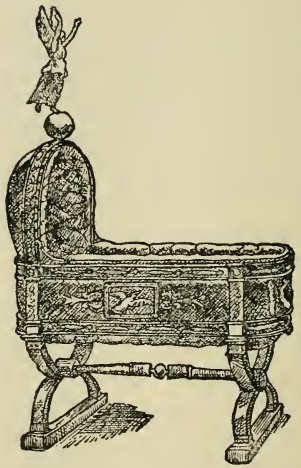
Let us then be up and doing to the purpose. So by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.

Sloth makes all things difficult. Industry all things easy.

He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



ITALIAN CRADLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

A SYMPOSIUM OF SLEEP.

A COLLECTION OF SLEEP THOUGHTS AND EXPRESSIONS ESPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE WITCHERY OF SLEEP."

BELIEVE with Homer that "sleep is the gift of God." Regular and comfortable sleep, and enough of it, is essential to sound health, long life and a creditable life-work. The race of the twentieth century can be won only by those who keep their bodies in such good condition that their minds will be able to stand the pressure of an intense civilization.

Dr. Marden of "Success"

In all modern occupations,—from the nursery to the school, from the school to the shop or world beyond,—the brain and nerve strain go on, continuous, augmenting, intensifying. We must have plenty of sleep, the great body and mind builder, to counteract the strain, in order to sustain the daily physical and mental demands made upon them.

I believe that the average normal man and woman require eight hours sleep out of the twenty-four, and I think the triple division of the day and night into eight hours for work, eight hours for culture and recreation, and eight hours for sleep is a good one.

—Orison Sweet Marden.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst

One of the greatest mercies, that more than any other we are likely to forget, is the power to be unconscious eight hours out of the twenty-four, so that while the recuperative process is going on that will prepare us for the next day, we are not obliged to sit with our hands in our pockets and our eyes upon the clock, dreamily waiting until it is time once more to begin.

No one can appreciate that most blessed and most peculiar of mercies until he has suffered from insomnia.

God never did a kinder thing for man than to make him able to sleep when he is sleepy.

—C. H. Parkhurst.

N. Y. C. R. R. views

Sleep, next to waking, I think the most wonderful thing in life.

—George H. Daniels.

Sleep is the solvent of longevity, health and work. The man who can have a natural slumber every night the year round, of eight hours, can move the world. His head will be clear no matter what his age; his vigor will be at its prime, and he will dominate whatever association he is in. Such rest demands a good digestion and a clear conscience. Napoleon's boast was that he slept but four hours a day, but he died at fifty-two and then had a faculty which all men of great capacity—and I have known several who take only four hours regular sleep—have of catching naps at odd moments, even on horseback.

Contribution by Chauncey Depew

Before forty a man makes more vitality or steam than he can get rid of by ordinary methods, so he must take to sport or extra labor. After forty there comes a diminution of vitality to meet extra strain and work. If, however, in the evening of life, a man will accustom himself—and he can—to sleep ten minutes after his day's work is over and take ten minutes more to go to sleep, he will discover that the reparation of that ten minutes is equivalent to an ordinary day's vacation; all of which means that if you want to live long

and happy, cultivate that temperance in all things, right doing and right living, by which you can sleep the sleep of the just.

—Chauncey M. Depew.

Seventy-four years young, I am good for twice that by economizing life. You want five lines on sleep! I want eight hours!

Citizen Train

I am faster than any train, but cannot control my sleep! Eight hours sleep, eight work, eight play. Everything in Nature sleeps! See that snow! It gives rest to soil! Horses die if not resting. Man is only animal who kills sleep and hunger with gorging death!

—George Francis Train.

Sleep, good sleep, and enough of it, is the prerequisite of all pure, brave, true and well-balanced living, if that living is to be more than the boatmen call a spurt, a sudden strain which cannot be prolonged.

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale

Sleep is itself, therefore, the fundamental duty of all duties. Yet, as I see, it is apt to be left without a thought after the morning salutation: "I hope you slept well."

How if you did not sleep well? I suppose

this calm indifference, which, indeed is almost heroic in its stoicism, springs from a general impression that there exists such a mystery about sleep that nothing can be done about it excepting wishing well.

I find that the cyclopædia, which seldom considers itself foiled, speaks of sleep as a "mysterious condition." I may as well confess that it is not twenty-five years since the mere physiological conditions of sleep were understood. Till very lately the old mistake—as old as Galean—has been maintained, which supposed that in sleep the vessels of the brain were gorged with blood, and that they contained a greater amount of blood than in waking.

A spiritual expert's view of sleep

This is true of stupor, but it is not true of sleep. The old Yankee farmer knew better. When he wanted to sleep, he drew out the fire, started the embers anew, "toasted his feet," as he said; that is, he stimulated the circulation of his legs, and drew blood away from the brain. He could not have explained the experiment, but he was acting on the true philosophy.

—Edward Everett Hale.

Oriental thought

Sleep? Ah me, that is a noble thought! Sleep is the joy of life. It is the crowning glory of the day. Bringing sparkle to health, and health to the ill. It makes beauty for women and brings lustre to their eyes.

Sleep! Without it I am nothing.

—Wu Ting Fang.

A poet's value

Death's greatest enemy, and the terror of old age, Sleep,—like a proud beauty, must be wooed, and not bullied, to be won. Without it, Crœsus is poor; and with it, Job is invulnerable.

—John Ernest McCann.

From Wall street

Sleep means everything to a man — good health, good looks, spry action, will power, and self-confidence—all being essential qualities to force success in worldly affairs.

My secret of acquiring sleep is to "keep moving" all day, which compels sleep by night.

—Henry Clews.

Sleep is the resting time of consciousness and of muscular activity; not only does the brain sleep but our muscles also sleep.

The comfortable purity of the resting place, and the proper amount of fresh, pure air, within the chamber are absolutely essential in order that repose may be as perfect as possible.

The "Why" of a health expert

Just as the brain cells are building up and renewing the strength lost through the exertions of the day, so also are the muscular molecules renewing and rebuilding themselves through absorption.

In order that this function shall be properly performed, the environment of the sleeper must be ideal, and free from the danger of germ infection —especially the bacilli that lurk in animal fibre.

—Cyrus Edson.

From the Wizard of Light

In my opinion sleep is a habit, acquired by environment. Like all habits it is generally carried to extremes. The man that sleeps four hours soundly is better off than a dreamy sleeper of eight hours.

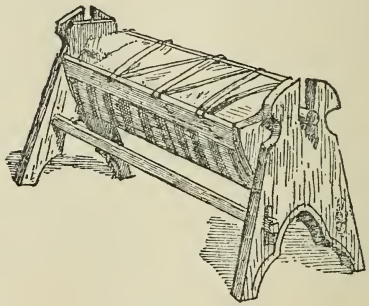
—Thomas A. Edison.

I am not one of those who think four hours sleep better than the usual eight hours. Napoleon thought four hours sleep enough, but when he lived on St. Helena he lived long enough to

An actor's view

know that the theory of his earlier days was all wrong. The wisest men from Socrates to Russell Sage have advocated one-third of the twenty-four hours in bed. Walter Savage Landor used to spend sixteen hours of the day there, and he lived for 89 years, from 1775 to 1864.

—N. C. Goodwin.



OLD SPANISH CRADLE FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SLEEP FACTS AND FANCIES.

HE sleep of a healthy child is the most beautiful thing in the world; combining fact and fancy in their highest material and spiritual states. What a world of golden futures is possible within the circle of the cradle. What an unconscious joy of life. What a rythm of pulsations ebb and flow. What perfect machinery moves it all. What a pose for the poet. What a message for mankind. Sleep watches o'er it and smiles.

Poetic fancy

On the road between Octylus and Thalamæ is the temple of Ino. It is the custom of those who consult her to sleep in the temple, and what they want to know is supposed to be revealed to them in dreams, during sleep.

Between sleeping and waking is Dreamland. When we are neither asleep or awake, or in other words, subconscious, we dream.

Dream-land

The poor man dreams of riches, the rich man of poverty, and most of us of what we want or dread; not of what we have.

Day-dreamers

But, the idealist-dreamers have opened for us most of the truth and beauty of the earth.

A visionary compromise and yet—a perfect state for purity of thought.

The idealist is always a "day-dreamer"— a ne'er-do-weel, according to the world.

Now and again the "day-dreamer" is aroused; and then the world awakes—to a new thought, a noble poem, a sublime song, a masterpiece, a divine message.

The moment of sleep

Who has ever known the moment of sleep? Who is there who has not tried again and again to be conscious of that moment? No matter how conscious one may be up to the moment of sleep, at the moment he is unconscious; for then the sensorial functions cease, and one no longer feels, or wills, or cares, or knows.

How dull this old world seems after a night's unrest; how beautiful and bright after a good night's sleep!

"How happy is that balm to wretches, sleep!
No cares perplex them for their future state,
And fear of Death thus dies in senseless sleep;
Unruly Love is this way lull'd to rest;
And injured Honour, when redress is lost,
In no way solved but this."

—BEAUMONT.

A renowned French financier once said: "Alas! Why is there no sleep to be sold?" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation.

"O, listen to the 'sleepy head'—
Snore.
Of course you've all heard of this—
Bore,
Who in his funny flights
Makes discord of the nights,
O'er and o'er."

—ANONYMOUS.

"How did you sleep, General?" asked his guest, Louis Phillipe one morning, of the master of the house. "I always sleep well," replied General Washington, "for I never wrote a line in my life, which I had afterward cause to regret."

An anecdote

"When thou risest from sleep with reluctance, remember that it is according to thy constitution and

according to human nature to perform social acts, but sleeping is common also to irrational animals. But that which is according to each individual's nature is also more suitable to its nature, and, indeed, more agreeable." —MARCUS AURELIUS.

When digestion is good, heart strong, circulation free, worry absent, nerves in tune, one sleeps.

Sleeper not a sleep thought

Sleeper—one that sleeps.

Sleeper—that in which the sleeper sleeps.

Sleeper—that on which the sleeper that carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs.

Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper that carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper of the sleeper.

Next !

When a former Persian ambassador was shown into his bedroom in Mivart's Hotel, where a grand canopied state bed had been prepared for him, he supposed it was a throne in his audience chamber, received his visitors on it, and retired to sleep on the carpet in the corner of the room.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge dreamt out his poetic fragment, "Kubla Khan," in a sleep: not only the idea, but the very lines:

"In Zanadee did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Thro' caverns measureless to man,
Down to the sunless sea."

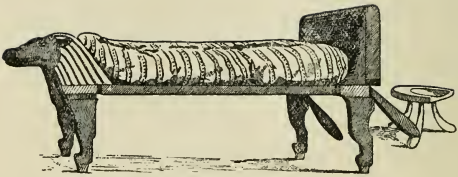
Born of a dream

De Quincy, or Hazlitt, or Lamb, woke him up, and he wrote it down immediately. Had he not been aroused out of his sleep, the world might have had one of the most beautiful poetic works in the language.

One cannot possibly sleep without closing the eyes; nor pronounce the word "sleep" without closing the mouth.

SLEEP.

It comes—
Whence?
It goes—
Whither?
Who can tell?



ADAPTATION OF EGYPTIAN ART
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